

THE CRITIC

OF

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, AND THE DRAMA;

A GUIDE FOR THE LIBRARY AND BOOK-CLUB.

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PREFACE.

WE cannot better introduce *THE CRITIC* than with a short statement of its origin and design.

To make these intelligible, it is necessary to inform the general reader that there is a certain journal called "*The LAW TIMES*," whose pages are devoted to the affairs of the Profession of the Law. This periodical, having a very wide circulation, entirely among the educated and wealthy classes, from which are supplied the influential body of Legislators, Magistrates, and Lawyers, by whom the *LAW TIMES* is read, it is, of course, a peculiarly advantageous medium for advertisements addressed to those classes. The booksellers, especially, are eager to avail themselves of columns consulted by so great a number of book buyers; but they are desirous that the books advertised should receive the usual attention of review. After a short trial, it was found to be impracticable to notice in the pages of the *LAW TIMES* the non-professional publications submitted to the Editor; and it was desired by its subscribers that its columns should contain nothing but legal information. On the other hand, it could not afford to sacrifice the advertisements of the booksellers, and the other advantages incidental to a critical journal of extensive and influential circulation.

In this dilemma, it was suggested by some correspondents that the desired objects of all the parties concerned, and many more, might be secured by the simple expedient of publishing a large monthly sheet, upon a novel and comprehensive plan, and which, adding to the subscribers to the *LAW TIMES* the great body of readers it might fairly hope, through their recommendation of it to their friends, to obtain from among the general public, should, in process of time, command a still wider field for the accomplishment of its objects than if it had formed a portion of the parent journal.

To effect this it was requisite to make *THE CRITIC* complete in itself; to give it intrinsic worth and interest; so that it should recommend itself, on its own merits, not only to the perusal of the subscribers to the *LAW TIMES* and their family circles, but to the public as a periodical calculated, by its trifling cost, by its literary and typographical management, by its steady endeavours to combine utility with

amusement, to become an acceptable addition to the library.

After much deliberation the plan was resolved upon, an outline of which will be found dimly shadowed forth in the following pages.

We thus speak of it, because it is in truth very imperfectly developed as yet. Some little practice is wanted to enable editors and contributors to form a sufficiently accurate judgment of the extent of the demands of the printer, and to regulate the length of notices accordingly. Experience, moreover, will doubtless suggest many improvements, which will be readily adopted, and remove many defects inseparable from the untried beginnings of any enterprise, but especially of a periodical having novelty in its design. We ask for *THE CRITIC* the indulgence which we are conscious it needs; we pray for it a fair trial for the six months for which, whatever its reception, we have pledged ourselves to its publication. If at the end of that period the subscriber should not find his expectations of it answered, let him withdraw; but for that brief time we request a patient endurance of errors and short comings, and entreat the reader to indulge in the pleasures of hope, which it shall be our most anxious efforts not to disappoint.

The design of *THE CRITIC* is to become a trustworthy guide in Literature and Art. There are few of the reading classes who do not frequently feel the want of some publication of trifling cost, but high character, which should give them a faithful account of what is passing in Literature and Art, so that, whether it be desired to buy or borrow a book, to embellish a portfolio, or to add to the pile of music, *THE CRITIC* shall at once suggest itself to the inquirer as a friend, to whom application may be made with confidence that an honest answer will be given, and that all of novelty that is worth notice will be found there registered.

But its notices will be rather descriptive than dogmatical. Its object will generally be to give such an account of the contents and style of books, that those who consult it may be enabled to form a judgment for themselves if the books so noticed be likely to please them. And to give to the whole of it an interest which would be wanting to a mere collection of reviews, extracts to illustrate the remarks will be selected with strict regard to the instruction or amusement of the

reader, so as to make the volumes of the *CRITIC* a collection of the beauties of British Literature.

It is with a view to this useful purpose of becoming a sort of elaborately descriptive catalogue of new publications, which shall be a guide to the purchaser, the book club, and the circulating library, that the books noticed will be classified under the divisions that appear below, so that a reader, seeking information on any class of subjects, may find it in a moment, without hunting through the titles of each book reviewed.

It has been supposed that *THE CRITIC* offers itself as a rival to the *Athenæum* and the *Literary Gazette*, and its failure has been pronounced to be probable from this circumstance. But they who so judge it do not understand its plan. It differs widely from either of these excellent periodicals—in size, in arrangement, in price. It does not, like them, profess to give essays on books, but accounts of them; it will not occupy any of its columns with the miscellaneous matters introduced by its literary contemporaries; it will simply be what it professes to be; and thus it is that, though appearing only monthly, it will contain almost, if not quite, as much review as do the sheets that are published weekly; for not only is it much larger in size, but it is printed in smaller type. The relative proportions are calculated thus:—

A page of *THE CRITIC* contains one-half more matter than a page of the *ATHENÆUM*.

Upon the average of a month, each number of the *ATHENÆUM* contains 8 of its pages of review—the remainder being occupied with advertisements and miscellaneous matter.

In a month, the *ATHENÆUM* gives 32 of its pages of review, equal, in quantity of matter, to 21 pages of *THE CRITIC*.

Each monthly number of *THE CRITIC* will contain, upon the average, 20 pages of review. Thus there will be very nearly as much of this species of information in the one as in the other.

This will, we hope, satisfy the reader that the objection which we have heard raised to the plan of *THE CRITIC*, namely, that its pages will be too restricted to do justice to its subjects, is altogether founded in error; for it will, in fact, devote to them as much space as does the *Athenæum*, and much more than does the *Literary Gazette*.

It is possible that a prejudice may be excited against *THE CRITIC*, because it proceeds from the office of a Journal that is purely professional. It may be supposed to savour too much of Law to be acceptable to the public. It is, therefore, necessary to state that, in its entire management, *THE CRITIC* will be distinct from the *LAW TIMES*. It has its own Editor and contributors, apart from those of the *LAW TIMES*, with which it is allied only in its business departments, belonging to the same proprietor, published at the same office, and, as its primary object, intended for the service of its subscribers.

So much to Readers. To Authors and Publishers we beg to say that patient and respectful consideration will be given to whatever publications they may be pleased to submit to us. But we reserve an unlimited right to deal with them impartially. Nothing will be praised that is not deemed justly to deserve approval; nothing censured which, in the honest opinion of the reviewers, is not thought to be blameworthy. With the jealousies or private interests of Publishers, *THE CRITIC* will have no concern, for it is altogether unconnected with any Bookseller. It hopes to receive the support of all of them, and to proceed in peace with all; and there is little doubt that in the end they will find the advantage of impartial notices of their publications in an independent journal of wide and influential circulation, even though at times that independence may be inconvenient when it censures. But they must remember that recommendation will be the more valuable to them, when it praises.

LITERATURE.

Summary.

THE CRITIC, whose duty it is to record and comment upon the progress of Literature, has not a very cheering prospect just now. If authors be more abounding than at any former period in the history of our country, seldom indeed has there been such a dearth of genius. The press teems with the productions of the pen, but where can we look for the presence of greatness—where point to a book that bears the stamp of immortality, nay, that will survive the year of our Lord which it bears upon its title-page? Reviewing, as we shall be required to do, at intervals of a month, the state and progress of Literature, an opportunity will be afforded for forming a very fair estimate of its actual condition, and alike from what is done and what is promised, shall we be enabled to inform the reader how authorship is flourishing in Great Britain.

And such a monthly summary may be worthily introduced by a short review of the present condition of each of those classes of literature under which it has been deemed convenient to range the books reviewed by *THE CRITIC*.

In *HISTORY*, though she may boast of many learned, many laborious, and some powerful writers, it must be confessed that England is far inferior to Germany and France in the quality that gives to History its vitality, and therefore its value—the resuscitation of the past in its bodily shape. Our historians describe abstractions, not realities; and they want either the patience to test legends by the rules of evidence, or the courage to defy prejudice in the assertion of truths that dissipate the fables with which early training has filled the minds of our classically-educated youth. Moreover, they shrink from that which is the purpose of History, and without which it is worthless—the philosophical spirit which deduces from the examples of the past the moral that is to guide the future. In these particulars our historians are eclipsed by those of Germany and France; the former remarkable for the industry with which they delve into the

records of the past, and the acuteness with which they sift the grain of truth from the bushel of fable; and the latter distinguished for the graphic skill with which they have revived the olden times, and brought before us, as upon a stage, the characters of by-gone ages, surrounded with the very scenery and decorations amid which they moved, speaking the same thoughts as they uttered in life, and exciting in us the sympathies which true pictures of human beings never fail to rouse in human hearts; or, no less admirable, taking the broadest views of History, forgetting individuals and gazing upon masses, looking upon the results of combined actions and not upon the actors, and thus abstracting from History its philosophy, and making that useful which otherwise would be only amusing. In both of these qualifications, British historians are wanting; but we are not without hope that there is a spirit stirring among them which, ere long, will rouse them to emulate the glories of their continental brethren, by amalgamating the faculties we have described with their own calm impartiality and cold dignity of expression. *ALISON* has made some approach to this consummation. Let others learn from his popularity that the British mind is prepared for a better form of History, and wants but the appearance of a competent Historian to welcome him with such fame as would satisfy the wildest dream of an ambitious author.

In *BIOGRAPHY* we abound. The obscurest pastor of the obscurest parish has a chronicler who collects his epistles and the gossip of the village about his wondrous wisdom and piety exhibited before he was breeched. As to men who have filled a larger space in the eye of the world, and especially warriors and statesmen, there is a struggle who shall achieve a sort of reflected immortality by clinging to the skirts of the hero as he soars to take his place among the stars. But few, indeed, of the multitude of biographies which have been lately published are so much as respectable, not one approaches the ideal of such a composition. As mere narratives they are amusing enough; but as intellectual works they are despicable.

In *PHILOSOPHY*, after a season of long stagnation, there is certainly a stir. The movement which Coleridge commenced is going on with undiminished activity under Carlyle, upon whom his mantle has descended. In all the wide field of British literature there is no spot so fresh and vigorous, and so full of promise, as that little one where Philosophy utters the truths that, though but a sound, once spoken, never die, and though but a bodiless breath, overthrow empires and systems, and rule men and awe kings. We anticipate many a delight from our monthly review of the progress of Philosophy in Great Britain.

In *SCIENCE*, the task will be a grateful one, for here, at least, we can fear no comparison with other lands.

In *EDUCATION* there will be much more to condemn than to approve. One of the rarest of books is a good educational work, and this for good reasons, upon which we shall treat hereafter, but which we have not space now to enter upon. In this department we shall exercise the most jealous scrutiny, for there is nothing more needed by parents and teachers than a publication that shall not only inform them *what* books for pupils are published, but which of them are worthy to be purchased, and which should be shunned. This duty it will be our endeavour honestly to perform.

In *POLITICS*, using the term in its broadest sense, as descriptive of the science of politics, and not the party squabbling which invests itself with the name, our literature can prefer no claims to admiration. It will be our endeavour to scrutinize all works assuming this title, with the purpose of testing the justice of their pretensions.

As for *VOYAGES AND TRAVELS* they are numberless. Every tourist who keeps a journal

makes a point of printing it, and it would be strange indeed if some among them were not worth the reading. *THE CRITIC* will examine them with the purpose of discovering which will repay perusal, and which might be suffered to slumber on the shelf.

In *FICTION* we can boast of one star that will take this portion of our literature out of the sentence of condemnation that is due to many others. *DICKENS* is in himself a host, and not only undoubtedly the best writer of fiction of his age, but in our opinion the best, save Scott, which our country has produced since Fielding. *BULWER*, again, stands out prominently among the crowd of competitors that throng this pathway to fame and profit. Many there are beside whose merits are considerable, and, upon the whole, England has certainly no cause to be ashamed of this branch of her literature.

In *POETRY* and the *DRAMA* there is an absolute dearth of ability. A whole year does not produce a poem of respectable modicority, much less one having the inspiration of genius. We confess that while we can endure and excuse bad works of other kinds, we cannot tolerate bad poetry, for the former may teach something, the latter is utterly worthless. If *THE CRITIC* should prove somewhat severe in its reviews of this class of Literature, it will be but from a sincere desire to protect the tempers as well as the pockets of its readers, by warning them against worthlessness in its most worthless shape.

With such views of the present state of the principal branches of British Literature, we shall trace from this starting point its progress from month to month. The following notices of new books will convey a pretty accurate notion of what has been done of late; and of promises none have reached us deserving special note.

HISTORY.

The Despatches of Hernando Cortes, the Conqueror of Mexico, addressed to the Emperor Charles V., written during the conquest, and containing a Narrative of its Events. First translated into English from the Spanish, with an Introduction and Notes. By G. Folsom. Wiley and Putnam, New York, and Stationers' Hall Court. 1843.

THE wars in Italy at the beginning of the sixteenth century did not suffice to absorb all the energies and military spirit of the Spanish nation, flushed with their final success against the Moors, and they eagerly entered upon the new fields of enterprise which the discoveries of Columbus had opened for them.

In the "ocean-sea" of the West new worlds yet lay hid, new kingdoms were yet to be conquered, and new peoples won over to the Christian faith; there gold, silver, and jewels strewed the earth in rich abundance; there flowed the fountain of perpetual youth, which alchemists in their sooty laboratories had so long sought in vain, and through the Western Strait a speedy passage was to be found to the famed countries of Cathay, the rich Spice Islands, and the still richer Indies. Such enticing words did the tongue of rumour address to the cupidity, love of conquest, and religious zeal of the Spaniards, and lured on by them, adventurer after adventurer crossed the Atlantic, and endured toils and perils under which no less powerful motives would have supported them. Ponce de Leon discovered Florida, and Fernandez de Cordova, Yucatan, and the specimens brought home by Miruelo and Grijalva seemed to confirm all the exaggerated ideas of the wealth of those countries, and led to the expedition, the account of which, by Cortes himself, we have now, for the first time, the opportunity of perusing. Hernando Cortes had resided in Domingo and Cuba since 1504, and was well known for his perseverance and general abilities, but his military talents had not yet been tried. His brother-in-law, Velasquez, the governor of Cuba, appointed him the leader of the new expedition; but even before it set out, influenced by avarice, envy, and jealousy, the governor commenced that system of opposition which, but for the judgment and courage of Cortes, must

have more than once involved all the Spanish forces in ruin. The soldiers, however, soon perceived, as honest Bernal Diaz says, that Cortes "had the mind and the heart," and the attempts of Velasquez always failed. On Nov. 18, 1518, the expedition left St. Jago, and St. Antonio on Feb. 18, 1519, with 550 Spaniards and sixteen horses.

During the expedition, Cortes sent four long and minute letters or narratives of its progress to Charles V. The first has never been found, the three others have appeared in the Italian collection of voyages by Ramusio, and in the Spanish by Barcia. Robertson constantly refers to them; but their perusal at length will be delightful to all lovers of adventurous exploit, and will also go far to soften the harsh colours in which the character of the hero has sometimes been drawn. The editor has given, in an introduction, the account which would have been found in the first letter, and has added a few notes to the others, but has not, as he should have done, noted the discrepancies between this account and those of Bernal Diaz, and others. Cortes writes in a plain and unaffected manner, and leaves the impression that his account is honest, although perfect impartiality and accuracy can never be expected in an autobiographer.

The second letter commences with his departure from Cempoalla, at the head of but fifteen horse and 300 infantry, to conquer the Mexican empire, whose courage and fidelity he had ensured by the previous destruction of all his ships at Vera Cruz, in the same way as in ancient times our Agathocles did in Africa, and the Emperor Julian at the Tigris. At first, Cortes pretended that he only purposed to pay Montezuma (or Mutezuma, as in these letters he is always called), a visit; but he soon threw off the mask, and claimed the whole country in the name of the Emperor, and declared that all who refused allegiance would be punished as rebels. Strange term, indeed, but doubtless used in consequence of the bull of Alexander VI., by which all the countries within 100 leagues of the Azores were generously given to the Spanish crown. Although the brave Tlascalans—the hereditary enemies of Montezuma—were conquered, and had become firm friends, the soldiers almost shrunk from the daring enterprise which they had commenced.

"There was scarcely one of us," writes Cortes, "who did not feel some apprehension on finding ourselves so far in the interior of the country, and in the midst of so numerous and powerful a people, without hope of succour from any quarter. So desperate was our situation, that I heard with my own ears the remark made among our men, in almost a public manner, that I was a Peter Carbonero, who had brought them into dangers from which they could not escape."

Threats were even heard that they would return with or without their brave leader.

"But I revived their courage," continues Cortes, "by exhorting them to reflect that they were the subjects of your highness, and Spaniards had never been known to flatter in their allegiance; that we had it in our power to acquire for your Majesty greater kingdoms and provinces than were to be found in any other part of the world; and besides, we were only doing what, as Christians, we were under obligations to do by warring against the enemies of our faith, by which means we secured to ourselves glory in another world, and gained greater honour and rewards in this life than had fallen to the lot of any other generation at any former period; that they should also reflect that God was on our side; that to him nothing is impossible, as they might see in the victories we had gained when so many of the enemy were killed without any loss on our part" (p. 58).

The Mexicans had for some years felt forebodings of their approaching ruin; a comet, and various predictions of their priests, had terrified them; nor did Montezuma allay these fears by burying alive one of the evil-predicting astrologers. The success of the Spaniards, and the fearful reports of their cannon and horses, convinced them that these were the descendants of the prince by whom Mexico had been founded, and whose return to claim their allegiance had long been a matter of traditional belief. Accordingly, Montezuma, after alternately sending presents with a request that they would not come to his barren country, and forbidding their advance, allowed them to enter the capital without opposition, and yielded implicit submission to the dreaded Teules, or gods, as the Indians called them.

This portion of the history, and also the state of the Mexican empire at this time, are well known

from Robertson's account, and, we will only add, from Cortes's full description, that Montezuma possessed for his amusement not only aviaries and menageries, but also what would be invaluable at Greenwich fair, and might even revive the glories of old Bartholomew,—a palace containing a number of men and women of monstrous size, and also dwarfs, and crooked and ill-formed persons, each in separate apartments, and with their separate keepers.

Bernal Diaz says, Cortes was determined and headstrong, but this arose from that self-confidence essential to great success. With this feeling he set out with only seventy men against Narvaez, who had been sent by the spiteful Velasquez to supersede him, rightly judging that he should win over the soldiers, and "quell the movement among the Indians, since when they saw him in person they would not dare to shew symptoms of disaffection," and he completely succeeded.

On his return the Mexicans, at length convinced by the conduct of Alvarado that the strangers would be intolerable oppressors, received him in sullen silence. Even two days elapsed before the storm burst forth. Then attack after attack was made with the most desperate courage, and the Spaniards began to tremble. Montezuma, of his own accord, but more probably, as Bernal Diaz says, at the request of Cortes, tried to appease his subjects, and met the fate which Josephus so narrowly escaped on a similar occasion at the hands of the Jews.

At length the Spaniards were compelled to seek safety in flight, but suffered such loss, that the event is still spoken of as *la noche triste*, or the sorrowful night.

"God only knows," writes Cortes, "the toil and labour with which it was accomplished; for, of twenty-four horses that remained to us, there was not one that could move briskly, nor a horseman able to raise his arm, nor a foot-soldier unhurt who could make any effort" (p. 101).

But such men are not easily daunted. After winning several fresh victories, and receiving some reinforcements, Cortes a second time advanced upon Mexico.

When they came in sight of the fated city they gave thanks to God, and with feelings of joy, mixed with sadness, at the recollection of their losses, resolved never to quit the country again without victory (p. 205). Large bodies of Indians had joined him, some through fear, some from hopes of revenge upon the Mexicans, many, as Bernal Diaz says, like vultures flocked to the feast. Nor was this a mere metaphor; for, during the siege, in spite of all Cortes's efforts to prevent it, they rioted in the abundance of human flesh, and not only feasted on it themselves, but sent large quantities, dried like hams, to their friends at home. The position of Mexico was very strong; it was built in the lake, and only connected with the main land by three narrow causeways, interrupted in numerous places by the water, over which moveable bridges were thrown. Cortes proceeded with great skill and caution. While thirteen brigantines were building, he took possession of Jytapalapa, the grandeur of which reminded Bernal Diaz of the cities described in Amadis de Gaul—Tesaico, where he found in the temples the skins of five of their horses sewed up, and containing the horse-shoes, and the feet and hands of the men—Tacuba, and several other cities in the valley. He then posted his army in three divisions, one at each of the causeways, taking the command of the fleet himself, as the post of the greatest danger. For seventy-five days the Mexicans bravely held out, and almost daily battles were fought at the bridges and in the squares of the city, into which the Spaniards continually entered, returning at night to their quarters. Cortes many times tried to persuade them to surrender, partly from compassion, and partly from fear that he should lose much treasure by their desperate defence. Both these motives are honestly set down by himself (p. 279), and together with many other incidents artlessly related by him in these letters, convince us that, in spite of one or two dark spots upon his fame, his conduct as a conqueror was any thing but cruel or merciless.

Even the torture of Guatemozin and his favourite, for the purpose of extorting from them the place where his treasures were hidden, though it cannot be justified, assumes a different aspect when we read in honest Bernal Diaz, who has never been accused of favouring his captain, that it was reluctantly assented to by Cortes, because his enemies attributed

his refusal to a desire to procure the gold for himself.* He was certainly far superior in this respect to Pizarro, Almagro, De Soto, and others of the early conquerors. At times, indeed, he thought prudence demanded harshness to terrify the multitudes who were opposed to him, but this end gained, the natives were treated kindly, and their opinion of his character was repeatedly shewn after the conquest by appeals to him as their protector and friend.

Mexico yielded as soon as their king, Guatemozin, was taken prisoner, but the victors reaped not the golden harvest they had expected. The whole amount to be divided did not equal the king's share (a fifth) of what was obtained at the first occupation of the city, and lost in the retreat.

In 1523, after the receipt of the third letter, Charles V. appointed Cortes Governor and Captain-General of New Spain, and his fourth letter details the various measures which his active and energetic mind adopted for the spread and preservation of the Spanish power. New settlements were made, ships built at Zacatula, on the coast of the Pacific, new expeditions planned and prepared for the discovery of the wished-for strait. Mexico rebuilt in a magnificent manner, copper and tin collected for the purpose of casting cannon, gunpowder manufactured, order established, and various regulations attempted to be enforced for the protection of the natives. By one of these the colonists were ordered to fix their abode in their new country, and he urged the emperor to enforce this; "for," he says, "all or most of them intend to do here as they have done in the islands, where they have previously settled—that is, to impoverish and destroy the country, and then abandon it."

In order also to secure the royal favour by some means more likely to be appreciated than his own merits, he sent him as a present a culverin of pure silver, weighing *twenty-four quintals*, together with about 9,500 ounces of silver.

His plan for supplying the religious wants of the natives is too remarkable to be omitted. He advised that a number of religious persons or priests should be sent out and the tithes set apart for their service, but to be managed by the king's officers and not by the church, for which purpose the Pope was to be petitioned to grant them to the king. He gives his reasons thus:—

"For if bishops and other prelates are sent, they will follow the custom practised by them for our sins at the present day, by disposing of the estates of the church and expending them in pageants and other foolish matters, and bestowing rights of inheritance on their sons or relatives. A still greater evil would result from this state of things; the natives of this country formerly had their priests, who were engaged in conducting the rites and ceremonies of their religion; and so strict were they in the practice of honesty and chastity, that any deviation therefrom was punished with death. Now if they saw that the affairs of the church and what related to the service of God were entrusted to canons and other dignitaries, and if they understood that these were the ministers of God, whom they beheld indulging in vicious habits and profaneness, as is the case in these days in Spain, it would lead them to undervalue our faith and treat it with derision, and all the preaching in the world would not be able to counteract the mischief arising from this source" (p. 425-6).

The history of this Spanish dominion in Mexico affords but too many melancholy proofs and illustrations of the foresight of its first conqueror. Thus was Mexico conquered; and we cannot reflect upon the evils which ensued to Spain from the influx of wealth from these conquests, without feeling that victories won and power wielded with injustice and oppression bring down, ere long, upon the heads of the oppressors a just retribution of misfortune and punishment.

The History of the Church of Scotland. By THOMAS STEPHEN. Part V. London, Lendrum.

At this time, when the quarrels of the Kirk have strongly attracted public attention to it, a calm and impartial history of its origin and progress can scarcely fail to be acceptable to all who desire thoroughly to understand the principles involved in the recent secession, and which can only be gathered from a survey of its doings from its foundation to the moment of its severance.

* See also Herrera, Dec. 2, lib. 10. Probably it was for this reason Cortes did not mention the fact.

This history, of which a single part only is before us, appears to be composed by one as little imbued with partizanship as it is possible for one to become who dwells in the midst of conflicting parties. His style is agreeable, and his research creditable to his industry. This fifth part narrates the doings of the Kirk from 1610 to 1637, extending over the close of the reign of James the First, and the beginning of that of Charles. The period was one of eager contention in ecclesiastical affairs on both sides of the border, and the principle of free discussion was stoutly vindicated. Then, too, was the endeavour made to introduce Episcopacy into Scotland, which was so influential in producing the ultimate overthrow of the over zealous monarch, who had thought, by his royal will, to change the religion of a people. This, moreover, was a time of violence, for then, as now, the people resisted by hands, when tongues failed in their remonstrances, and even the softer sex mingled in the fray. Thus, for instance, is told the tale of

JENNY GEDDES ASSAULTING A BISHOP.

"Sunday, the 23rd of July, was the day appointed for reading the liturgy in the cathedral church of St. Giles. There were present, besides the ordinary congregation, Archbishop Spottiswood, primate and chancellor of the kingdom, the whole privy council, the lords of session, and the city magistrates, the Archbishop of Glasgow, and several other bishops. Hannah, Dean of Edinburgh, was appointed to read the prayers, and Dr. Lindsay, the Bishop of Edinburgh, was afterwards to preach. No sooner had the dean, in his surplice, commenced, than the 'rascal multitude' created such a noise and clamour throughout the church that not a word could be heard; and then a shower of sticks, stones, bludgeons, and joint stools were thrown at the dean's head. 'All was confusion worse confounded,' when the Bishop entered the pulpit, hoping to appease the madness of the people, by reminding the rioters of the sacredness of the place, and of their duty to God and the King. But, instead of allaying the tumult, the bishop's presence only served to increase their ferocity and rage, and to add blasphemy to sacrilege. A poor woman, Jenny Geddes by name, ushered in the future war by throwing a stool at the bishop's head, to the imminent danger of his life. At this stage of the riot, the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, being also the lord chancellor, from his seat in the gallery, commanded the provost and magistrates to suppress the riot; which, at last, with difficulty, they accomplished, thrusting out the rioters by main force, who had been sent there by the Presbyterian brethren for the express purpose of exciting a tumult and sedition."

At Edinburgh similar scenes were witnessed. Let us beware lest we resuscitate these

SCOTCH AMAZONS.

"On the 17th of October, to which day the council had deferred giving the King's answer to the petitions, a proclamation was read at the market-cross, commanding the liturgy to be read at Edinburgh and other places adjacent; the council and session to remove first to Lidlithgow, and thereafter to Stirling; and the whole petitioners to retire from Edinburgh to their own houses within twenty-five hours, under pain of rebellion. This roused the furious passions of the mob: the pious women assembled in great numbers in the High-street, and signalled their superstitious zeal by attacking the Bishop of Galloway, who was quietly going to the council chamber in company with some friends, who with much difficulty prevented him from being murdered. These heroines next beleaguered the city council, threatening to burn the house about the ears of the provost and bailies, unless they would send two commissioners to join the rebels in petitioning; which, to appease these viragoes, they promised to do. These outrageous amazons had been collected and instructed by agents from the secret traitors to his Majesty's Council, and the Presbyterian brethren: their war cry was:—'God defend those who will defend God's cause, and confound the service-book and all its maintainers!'"

The excitement spread to Glasgow, where ladies emulated the deeds of their sisters at Edinburgh. A strange picture is this

REVOLT OF THE WOMEN.

"The synod of Glasgow met on the last Wednesday of August. At the opening of the synodical meetings it was the custom for some one to preach *ad clerum*. The archbishop accordingly appointed Mr. Baillie to address his brethren, and 'to incite all his hearers to obey the Church canons, and to practise the service.' He replied to the archbishop, and gave 'a flat refusal, showing the irresolution of his own mind.' He was again commanded to preach, but he again refused, when Mr. Annan, rector of Ayr, was appointed to preach at the opening of the synod in Glasgow. Mr. Annan took for his text, 1 Tim. ii. 1, 2, and, says Baillie, 'in the last half of his sermon, from the making of prayers, ran out upon the liturgy, and

spake for defence of it in whole, and sundry most plausible parts of it, as well, in my poor judgment, as any in the isle of Britain could have done, considering all circumstances; howsoever, he did maintain to the dislike of all in an unfit time, that which was hanging in suspense betwixt the King and the country. Of his sermon among us in the synod, not a word; but in the town, among the women, a great din.' On the following day, Mr. Lindsay, minister of Lanark, preached, and as he was entering the pulpit, 'some of the women in his ear assured him, that if he should twitch (touch) the service-book in his sermon, he should be rent out of his pulpit; he took the advice, and let the matter alone.' During the day the women contented themselves with railing and invectives; and 'about thirty or forty of our honestest women, in one voice, before the bishop and magistrates, did fall in railing, cursing, scolding, with clamours on Mr. Annan: some two of the meanest were taken to the Tolbooth.' Late in the evening Mr. Annan went out with three or four of the clergy, when he was immediately assaulted by some hundreds of enraged women 'of all qualities,' who beat him with their fists and staves; 'they beat him sore; his cloake, ruff, hatt, were rent. However, upon his cries, and candles set out from many windows (it was a dark night), he escaped all bloody wounds; yet he was in great danger even of killing.' So many 'of the best quality' were engaged in this disgraceful riot, that it was found advisable not to make any inquiry after the rioters. The following day the magistrates accompanied him to the outskirts of the town, to prevent further molestation, because many intended to have renewed the tumult, and were collecting for that purpose."

Ireland, before and after the Union with Great Britain. By R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN. Parts I. and II. London, 1843. Orr and Co.

The indefatigable author of the "History of the British Colonies" has commenced this timely publication with the praiseworthy purpose of disseminating the facts which give the lie to the unceasing assertions of O'Connell and the Irish press, that

"The voice of the civilized world lays to the charge of the English Government the guilt of having produced this exasperation of national feeling, this misery, this wretchedness, this exhaustion, this destitution; upon that Government lies the responsibility of having failed to secure the welfare and the content of the Irish people, and of having, on the contrary, diffused throughout the nation want and woe, and bitter discontent, and heart-rending sorrow,"

and that the sufferings and impoverishment—undeniably great—of the Irish people, originated in, and were continued by, the Union, by which the commerce and manufactures of the country were almost annihilated.

In the first number he glances at the history of Ireland prior to that measure, and shews that never yet has that country enjoyed the blessings of self-government; that even during the period between 1782 and the Union, the constitution of Irish independence produced nothing, and that all the improvements that have taken place have been owing to the accursed Sassenach. He thus gives a rapid summary of the more recent of them:—

"Since the Union, Catholic Emancipation (which the Irish Parliament would never have conceded) has been granted; the commerce between both countries has been put upon the footing of a coasting trade; the Irish and British currency has been assimilated; the municipal corporations have been reformed; tithes have been converted into a rent-charge, thereby relieving the poor cultivators; taxation has been materially diminished; ten millions sterling of the Imperial revenues have been spent in public works; a national system of education has been established; Orange Associations have been abolished; a legislative provision has been provided for the poor, sick, and destitute, instead of their being left to the casual support of charity; public banks and companies have been formed, with British capital, for the benefit of Ireland; church-rates have been abolished; the prison law amended and consolidated; a survey and valuation of Ireland, of a most complete and extensive nature, has for some years been in progress, as a remedy for the inequalities of local taxation; improved Grand and Petty Jury Bills have been passed; the criminal code has been reformed; the numerous abuses in every court of law have been rectified; a valuable and economical system of County Courts, whereby justice is cheaply and effectually brought to the door of every poor man, has been established in every part of Ireland; dispensaries have been formed in every village in the island, for the relief of the poor, under an Act of the Imperial Parliament, and superintended by first class medical officers; by Acts also of the Imperial Parliament, fever hospitals and lunatic asylums, which for efficacy, comfort, and excellent management, are not surpassed in any part of the world,

have been established in every district; excellent and numerous roads now intersect the whole island; and various other useful measures have been adopted, or are in course of adoption, conducive to the welfare of the Sister Island."

We think that our author would have been more likely to obtain a hearing for the really practical part of the question, namely, the increase of wealth, and the gradual development of the national resources since the Union, had he not assumed, *sub silentio*, in his first number, that England has never been neglectful of the interests of her sister isle—never treated her with the haughty air of a conqueror—never fomented the evils by foolish and careless legislation, and never disregarded her rightful claims, because she also demanded more than was practicable or just. All politicians, we apprehend, now admit that this fair picture is not the true one; the difference between the various parties mainly is the amount of provocation, the excuses, the palliatives, the reasons of the conduct which has actually been pursued. But, as we have already intimated, the practical question is, are the hopes held out by the repealers of improved physical comfort, increased commerce, augmented wealth, more firmly secured liberty—not merely liberty by law, but freedom from the oppression of factions and mobs,—founded upon the records of the past? Do facts and statistical returns shew the evils inflicted on the commerce and resources of the country by the Union, which it is so easy to descant on in flowery language, and contrast with imaginative pictures of the results of independence? This question we exhort all Irishmen to consider, and pause before they answer. In Part 2, Montgomery Martin—himself, we believe, an Irishman—has collected with great care and industry such facts, tables, and returns, as shew that the commerce, shipping, and manufactures of Ireland diminished prior to the Union, and that a rapid extension of trade in every branch, and of shipping in every port, has taken place since 1800. The next part will contain:—

"Internal State of Ireland; Improvement of the Country Districts and Provincial Towns since the Union; Public Works, and Money granted for them by the Imperial Legislature; Savings Banks Returns, Stamps, Excise, Newspapers, Post Office, Banks, Loan Funds, Public Conveyances, Steam Navigation, Social Progress, &c., for a series of years."

The evils existing in Ireland, no one denies, are both numerous and deeply rooted; but they cannot be remedied by falsehoods which delude and exasperate the ignorant, and are the more inexcusable that they are promulgated by those who know them to be falsehoods. We trust this collection of useful facts will have an extensive circulation, and would that we could spread them far and wide amongst the Irish themselves. This may be wished for, but can hardly be expected.

A Contemporary Narrative of the Proceedings against Dame Alice Kyteler, prosecuted for Sorcery in 1324. Edited by T. WRIGHT, Esq., F.S.A., &c. London, 1843. Printed for the Camden Society.

THE universality of the belief in divination and witchcraft, and the mass of evidence which excited imaginations have at different times brought in its support, would be a source of unmixed pain to the philosophical inquirer, and even raise uncomfortable doubts, if he did not perceive that these errors spring from the instinctive longings of the human mind to hold converse with and put faith in the unknown, the invisible, and the spiritual, and thus bear proof to its high capacities and ultimate destinies. Such was their root; but fed by malignant passions, and debarred of light, the trunk and branches of the tree of superstition grew up distorted, deformed, and polluted, and covered under their wide-spreading shade evils of the most varied and deepest hues. At one time, avarice, at another, envy, pointed the shaft at the victim; the accusation of witchcraft was now made an engine of political warfare, as in the cases of the Duchess of Gloucester in the reign of Henry VI., and the Duchess of Bedford in that of Edward IV.; now an excuse for the commission of crime—the afterthought of tyrants—as in the suppression of the Templars; and, still more commonly, the short and apparently easy method of stifling truth by rendering heresy and the devilish arts synonymous, as in the charges alleged against the Waldenses.

The causes which led to the proceedings against

Dame Alice, by Richard de Ledred, Bishop of Ossory, were various. William Outlaw, her son, was wealthy, and, common report said, by Dame Alice's unholy arts, for every evening she swept the streets of Kilkenny, raking all the filth towards his door, and muttering,

"To the house of William, my sonne,
He all the wealth of Kilkennie towne."

Their friends, the lords of Kilkenny, were powerful, and hostile to the claims of the ecclesiastics; the church dues and tithes were not regularly paid, and heresy lurked in the diocese of Ossory. The bishop measured religion by the deference paid to its ministers, and resolved to establish the true faith and his own authority by decisive measure. Dame Alice and her accomplices were cited in the spiritual court, and charged with having, at different periods, abjured the faith, and shunned all religious ceremonies. This is the first head of the indictment, the others are more specific. It was alleged, that to gratify a particularly low-bred demon (*ex-pauperioribus inferni*), yclept Artisson, Dame Alice held nightly meetings at cross-roads, and there sacrificed live animals, and sought to learn the secrets of the future; that she excommunicated her enemies in the orthodox way, limb by limb, from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head; and in the skull of a gibbeted malefactor, compounded a "hell broth" of worms, herbs, and brains of unbaptized infants, and other satanic delicacies, by which means she had inveigled and killed four husbands, and sadly tortured a fifth. The bishop, therefore, demanded a warrant from the Lord Chancellor to arrest the culprits. But William Outlaw, says the narrator, made friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, and by the influence of Arnold de la Poer, Seneschal of the Palatinate, failed in this attempt. The bishop retorted, by excommunicating Alice, and citing William Outlaw as an heretic, and aider and abettor of heretics. Arnold de la Poer now tried to appease the prelate, but being unsuccessful, boldly arrested him and kept him in prison until the day fixed for William Outlaw to appear had passed. The account of the arrest is minutely given, and the conflict in the minds of the officers employed between their temporal and spiritual allegiance vividly portrayed. As a *juste milieu*, they advised the bishop to put in bail, but he scorned to recognize any superiors but the King and the Pope, and having cunningly obtained possession of the writ, was duly locked up. The first consequence was, that the diocese was laid under an interdict, and all spiritual services suspended. The next, that the clergy and people flocked to do the prisoner honour, and overwhelmed him with presents, for gaol-allowance was rather worse in those days than ours. Even the gaoler refused to obey the orders he received for stricter discipline. Arnold de la Poer now began to quake for the consequences, and tried to rake up some valid charge against the bishop, but found nothing more pertinent than a charge of having defrauded a widow of her husband's property, who had died intestate. This, however, the bishop disregarded, because it was a subject of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and the seneschal then released his prisoner. The bishop departed in a triumphal procession, and to an assembled multitude in the cathedral denounced all heretics and enemies of the church in a fiery sermon upon the text, "The snare is broken, and we are escaped. Our help is in the name of the Lord."—Psalm, cxiv, 7-8.

While the bishop recommenced proceedings, Arnold de la Poer cited him to Dublin for having issued the interdict. He did not appear, giving as an excuse that he could not do so without the risk of his life, because the road lay through the territories of his accuser. This was held insufficient, and the interdict removed. The feud between the civil and ecclesiastical powers now grew more deadly. Ledred bearded the lion in his den, and claimed from the seneschal, under peril of eternal damnation, the assistance of the secular arm against Alice and William Outlaw, but in vain; and as Alice had commenced proceedings against the bishop for having unjustly condemned her, we would fain hope the seneschal was satisfied of her innocence. The matter was now taken up by the Parliament at Dublin, and there, by the assistance of the numerous prelates, the bishop succeeded in compelling Arnold de la Poer to beg his pardon, and promise in future to aid in the suppression of heresy. Still no warrant could be obtained for the arrest of Alice,

and, to the great scandal of the church, she roamed at large. A commission, however, was sent to inquire into the facts, and some of the inferior accomplices imprisoned. The tide had turned in the bishop's favour, and he pressed forward to victory. After useless applications to the local powers, he obtained from the Lord Deputy a special command to the Chancellor to issue the writ against Alice and William, according to the canons; that was, that they should be arrested and not allowed to give bail. Even then, the sheriff of Kilkenny refused to permit such an encroachment on the King's prerogative, and William Outlaw was not imprisoned until he had first confessed in the Bishop's Court that he was guilty of having favoured heretics. Various manoeuvres were attempted by the civilians, but the prelate triumphed, and William Outlaw only obtained his release by submitting to heavy fines and penances, amongst which was a visit to the tomb of the holy martyr Thomas à Becket, whose fate Ledred had himself hardly escaped. Alice was never found; but one of her attendants, Petronilla, was made to confess by repeated floggings, and then burnt alive. Thus early did fierce bigotry establish its power in Ireland, while in England one hundred years passed before the first heretic was burnt.

The narrator concludes the story by saying, that Ledred alone had the courage to oppose the enemies of the church and support the truth. His audacity did not cease here. Arnold de la Poer was accused by him of heresy, and then the Lord Deputy. The former died in prison before his trial, the latter was acquitted. The bishop was then himself accused of heresy by the Archbishop of Dublin, and as he fled to Rome, his temporalities were seized by the crown. This quarrel was, after nine years, arranged, but the imperious prelate was not humbled. He ventured to excommunicate the Lord Treasurer of Ireland for collecting the King's debts, abused the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in open court, and was even supposed to have been the accomplice of Thomas Fitz-gilbert in firing and plundering the castle of Moycobir and slaying Hugh la Poer. His temporalities were again seized, but he contrived again to obtain the royal favour, and spent the last few years of his life quietly in his own diocese.

This curious and undoubtedly contemporary record incidentally affords many illustrations of the wild and turbulent condition of Ireland, and the struggle between the ecclesiastical and civil powers, in which the former were, as frequently noticed in other countries, supported by the lower classes, because they afforded a counterpoise to the oppressions of the laity.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Marquis of Pombal; with Extracts from his Writings, and from Despatches in the State Paper Office, never before published. By JOHN SMITH, Esq., Private Secretary to the Marshal Marquis of Saldanha. In 2 vols. London, 1843. Longman and Co.

If it be true that *legislation* can cure but few of the ills that flesh is heir to, it certainly is *not* true of *statesmen*.

All history proves how much the prosperity of nations depends upon the governments by whom their laws are administered or reformed, for invariably do we find the material and political condition of a country raised or depressed according to the characters of the rulers by whom their affairs are directed.

The biography of a statesman is, therefore, at all times a subject of peculiar interest, as indicating, from the course of the contemporaneous events in general history, to what extent his system is worthy of imitation, and where it should be shunned.

The nations of the Peninsula afford many remarkable evidences of this connexion between the qualities of statesmen and the prosperity of the state, for even in their fallen condition do we find a rapid progress in happiness at home and influence abroad invariably following the appearance of a wise and patriotic ruler, and a speedy return to former wretchedness when weakness or wickedness has succeeded in grasping the helm.

Among the few truly great and good statesmen that Portugal has produced during two centuries past, Carvalho, Marquis of Pombal, is the most remarkable, for, amid a mass of ignorance and corruption, he exhibited rare wisdom and stern

integrity combined with that plain good sense and practical turn of mind which make the useful minister. In twenty-seven years, dating from 1750 to 1777, during which he held the reins of government, he restored internal tranquillity, replenished the treasury, revived trade, spread the arts of civilization, and secured for Portugal a place in the respect of Europe such as she had not enjoyed for many a year, and which, after his departure from the scene, was again lost under the mismanagement of his imbecile successors, and has never since been regained.

When Pombal took office Portugal was oppressed by every species of neglect and wrong; an insolent church, a wicked aristocracy, an empty treasury, an ignorant population. When he quitted it, trade was flourishing, education was extended and extending, the oligarchy were under restraint, the clergy were reduced to moderation.

The sagacious means by which he produced these magnificent results are detailed in the volumes before us, and so interesting and instructive are they, that we can heartily recommend this book as very well adapted for reading societies. Mr. Smith appears to have performed his task with industry, if not with so much impartiality as might have been desired. It is said that he has omitted to search some documents that might have thrown much light on the more doubtful portions of his narrative; but, in their absence, we can judge him only by those he has procured. These certainly are not quite free from suspicion, for they are, for the most part, Pombal's report of himself; but the grand features of his career are matter of history, and they are of themselves sufficient to stamp him a great man.

A few passages will exhibit the style of the work. Here are some

ANECDOTES OF POMBAL.

"On one occasion a priest presented himself before him, complaining of the great injustice that had been inflicted upon him, and, during the interview, allowed many expressions to escape his lips injurious to the government and insulting to the minister. Pombal heard him to the end, and then calmly replied, that the affair was not exactly in his department, but belonged more properly to that of his brother, to whom, he added, he would immediately introduce him. 'And,' before opening the door of the next apartment, he said 'if he allows you to tell him one-half of what you have just told me, I will grant your petition.' The door remained ajar. Not many minutes elapsed before an angry voice was heard, and the impertinent suitor was kicked out of the room.

"On another occasion a small group was collected in the Rocio, where an individual was declaiming angrily against some injustice that had been done him by some persons in office. A spy approached, who, wishing to deserve the wages of his disgraceful employment, joined the group in the hope of hearing something that might excite the anger of the government, and elicit approbation and reward for himself. Trusting to his incognito, he at last ventured to turn the conversation so as to suit his purpose, and began with sundry severe reflections upon the king and the minister. The first speaker, whose loyalty had never for a moment wavered, transferred his anger to the supposed defamer of his sovereign, and ended by bestowing on him a hearty beating. The poor spy sneaked off, and laying the case before Pombal, complained wofully of the thumping he had received. 'Ah, my friend,' replied the minister, 'it is but part of the wages of your profession.' (*Meu amigo estes sao os ossos do officio.*)"

He was an indefatigable student, as will appear by the following account of his self-appointed tasks. His residence in England as ambassador dates from 1739 to 1745.

STUDIES OF A STATESMAN.

"The nature of Pombal's occupations during this period we learn from a manuscript written by himself, a translation of which will be found in its proper place. In this document he regrets that a great variety of studies he found it necessary to pursue, in order to become acquainted with the history, constitution, and legislation of England, coupled with almost constant ill-health, prevented him from acquiring a knowledge of the English language. Some surprise might naturally be expressed at such a statement, especially as Pombal was several years in England; but we shall cease to wonder when we reflect that French was the language chiefly spoken at the court of George the Second, while there were at that time few or no works in English on politics or legislation, which made the study of that language desirable exclusively for these purposes."

Pombal was not exempt from the prejudices of his time on the subject of sumptuary laws, nor from those of our own time on commercial policy. He sought to regulate by law domestic habits and trades.

This, however, is not surprising. But let it be remembered, to his immortal honour, that in 1761 he issued a decree, which we have been wont to boast as an act of exclusive British virtue, declaring that all slaves touching the soil of Portugal should be free. With a creditable desire for the discharge of another great duty which we have not yet performed, he devised many measures for the spread of education. In 1772 we find him busily engaged in the glorious work of furthering

EDUCATIONAL PLANS.

"He established no less than 887 professors and masters in the Portuguese dominions, for the gratuitous instruction of all his Majesty's subjects, and of these, ninety-four were appointed to the islands and colonies.

"Each professor was ordered and directed to send a yearly account of the progress of his pupils. Four hundred and seventy-nine masters were appointed to give instructions in reading and writing; 236 for Latin, and 88 for Greek classes. To which were added 49 schools for rhetoric, and 30 for philosophy, which soon began to scatter the blessings of education gratuitously throughout the kingdom. Small taxes, under the name of 'the literary subsidy,' were laid on various articles of general consumption, in order to pay the salaries of these professors."

From these passages a glimpse will be had of the work from which they are extracted, a work which is at once a contribution to the historical and the didactic library. It contains a commentary upon the principles of statesmanship which it would be well were our amateur statesmen of all parties to study with attention before they undertake the task of government.

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Mechanical Inventions of Edward Cartwright, D.D., F.R.S.
London, 1843. Saunders and Otley.

EDWARD CARTWRIGHT, the subject of this biography, was born in the year 1743, at Marnham, in Nottinghamshire. Sent to a school at Wakefield, he speedily exhibited proofs of the genius which afterwards made him famous. Thence he went to Oxford, family interest having destined him to the Church, in spite of his own desire for the Navy. At the age of 18 he was made an M.A., and wrote poetry, which his tutor, Dr. Langhorne, praised highly. He contributed to the *Monthly Review*, corresponded with many of the most eminent men of the time, and became a literary personage. He next retired to his parish at Brampton, and devoted himself with zeal and piety to his pastoral duties, mingling with them that of the physician, visiting and healing the sick, and discovering and recommending specifics, one of which is worth noting, as the experiment may be readily and safely tried.

YEAST A CURE FOR PUTRID FEVER.

"During my residence, upwards of twenty years, at Brampton, a populous parish near Chesterfield, a putrid fever broke out amongst us. Finding by far the greater number of my parishioners too poor to afford themselves medical assistance, I undertook, by the help of such books on the subject of medicine as were in my possession, to prescribe for them. I attended a boy about fourteen years of age who was attacked by the fever. He had not been ill many days before the symptoms were unequivocally putrid. I then administered bark, wine, and such other medicines as my books directed. My exertions were, however, of no avail; his disorder grew every day more and more untractable and malignant, so that I was in hourly expectation of his dissolution. Bring under the necessity of taking a journey, before I set off I went to see him, as I thought, for the last time; and I prepared his parents for the event of his death, which I considered as inevitable, and reconciled them in the best manner I could to a loss which I knew they would feel severely. While I was in conversation on this distressing subject with his mother, I observed in a corner of the room a small tub of wort working. The sight brought to my recollection an experiment I had somewhere met with of a piece of putrid ment being made sweet by being suspended over a tub of wort in the act of fermentation. The idea flashed into my mind that the yeast might correct the putrid nature of the disease, and I instantly gave him two large spoonfuls. I then told the mother, if she found her son better, to repeat this dose every two hours. I then set out on my journey. Upon my return, after a few days, I anxiously inquired after the boy, and was informed that he was recovered. I could not repress my curiosity, and though greatly fatigued with my journey, and night was come on, I went directly to his residence, which was three miles off, in a wild part of the moors, and, to my great surprise, the boy himself opened the door, looking well, and he told me he had felt better from the time he took the yeast."

"After I left Brampton, I lived in Leicestershire. My parishioners there being few and opulent, I dropped the medical character entirely, and would not prescribe even for my own family. One of my domestics falling ill, the apothecary was sent for. Having great reliance on the apothecary's skill and judgment, the man was left entirely to his management. His disorder, however, kept gaining ground, and the apothecary, finding himself baffled in every attempt to be of service to him, told me he considered it to be a lost case, and in his opinion the man could not live twenty-four hours. On this, I determined to try the effects of yeast. I gave him two large spoonfuls, and, in fifteen minutes from taking the yeast, his pulse, though still feeble, began to get composed and fall. In thirty-two minutes from his taking it, he was able to get up from his bed. The expression that he made use of to describe the effect to his own feelings was, that he felt 'quite lightsome.' At the expiration of the second hour I gave him sago, with wine and ginger, &c., and in another hour repeated the yeast. An hour afterwards, I gave the bark, as before; at the next hour, he had food; and an hour after that, another dose of yeast. He continued to recover, and was soon able to go about his work as usual.

"About a year after this, as I was riding past a detached farm-house, at the outskirts of the village, I observed the farmer's daughter standing at the door, apparently in great affliction. On inquiring into the cause of her distress, she told me her father was dying. I went into the house, and found him in the last stage of putrid fever. His tongue was black, his pulse was scarcely perceptible, and he lay stretched out like a corpse, in a state of drowsy insensibility. I immediately procured some yeast, which I diluted with water, and poured it down his throat. I then left him with little hope of recovery. I returned to him in about two hours, and found him sensible and able to converse. I then gave him a dose of bark. He afterwards took, at proper intervals, some refreshment. I stayed with him till he repeated the yeast, and then left him, with directions how to proceed. I called upon him the next morning, at nine o'clock, and found him apparently recovered; he was an old man, upwards of seventy."

In the year 1785, having for a long time previously devoted himself to mechanical science, he took out a patent for the invention that has immortalized him—the power-loom, to which England is mainly indebted for her wealth and greatness. But the invention was not perfected at once; it was the subject of continual improvements. Nor was it a source of immediate profit, for the mills in which the first of them were tried were unfortunately destroyed by fire, as it was believed, through the agency of incendiaries. Then, when he had reconstructed them, and slowly, by patience and sacrifice of time, toil, and money, brought them into notice, his patent was infringed and disputed, and pirates and lawyers together deprived him of all the profit that ought to have accrued from his invention. It is probable that he would have died a ruined man but for a grant of 10,000*l.* opportunely voted him by Parliament, in consideration of the public service and unprofitable result of his labours.

Some interesting letters from Crabbe and others, written during the period of his mechanical labours, are contained in the biography. Here are two from the poet:—

"Belvoir Castle, February 14, 1785.

"I am not a little surprised at what you tell me of your enterprise. I have a thousand good wishes for your success, without one idea of your contrivance. Mrs. Crabbe has a better conception of your plan, and no less desire that you may accomplish it. I am about my contrivances, too, but mine is spinning—spinning flimsy verses. Doddsley shall manufacture them, and send you a sample."

"May, 1785.

"Fortune smile on your undertaking; or, not to be heathenish on a serious subject, God bless you in it: only remember when you grow very rich, that we were friends before, and do not look down on us as the summer birds that will come and serenade you daily. They talk here of your machine, but they are shy of us; if they say any other than well, it is amongst themselves, and I scarcely meet with anybody who has any opinion at all upon the subject."

But the mechanical genius of the doctor exerted itself in various directions; he made many improvements in the steam-engine, but all were as profitless as his power looms. He died a poor man, while thousands were accumulating huge fortunes out of the products of his ingenuity.

In private life he was an amiable and estimable personage, beloved and respected by all who enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance. Among the most intimate of his friends was Fulton, the inventor of the steam-packet, who was doubtless not

a little indebted to Cartwright's genius for hints and aid. The biography before us contains a full and interesting account of the progress of this discovery.

ORIGIN OF THE STEAM-SHIP.

"Amongst other ingenious characters who frequented Mr. Cartwright's house, may be noticed one who was then deeply engaged in pursuits similar to his own, but whose claims to originality of invention have not been very willingly admitted on this side of the Atlantic. This person was Robert Fulton, well known in America as being the first engineer who navigated a steam-boat in that country, and not altogether unknown in Europe for his experiments in submarine navigation. He was a native of New Jersey, in the United States, and had come to England with the intention of studying painting under his countryman, West. Having abandoned painting as a profession, he applied himself to civil engineering, and in that line of business had been noticed by Earl Stanhope, with whom he had had communication on the practicability of moving vessels by steam, as early as the year 1796. At this time, also, navigating by steam was one of Mr. Cartwright's favourite projects, and he conceived that his newly-invented steam-engine might be made applicable to that purpose. It may appear superfluous, where so much originality of invention can be substantiated, to allude to any claims that may be considered doubtful; it is, however, well known that Mr. Cartwright did construct the model of a boat, which, being wound up like a clock, moved on the water, so as to prove the experiment in a manner satisfactory to the inventor; though, as this little model was afterwards given away as a toy, and has long been destroyed, there are no means of ascertaining how the machinery was adjusted, or what resemblance it might bear to the method since adopted in the working of steam-boats.

"The coincidence of their respective views produced, instead of rivalry, intimacy and friendship between the two projectors, and Mr. Fulton's vivacity of character and original way of thinking rendered him a welcome guest at Mr. Cartwright's house. The practicability of steam navigation, with the most feasible mode of effecting it, became a frequent subject of discourse. The writer of these memoirs has now to regret, amongst many other neglected opportunities of acquiring knowledge, that, from the carelessness of youth, such a degree of attention was not given at the time to these discussions as might have thrown considerable light upon a subject, since become of such universal interest. Who could then contemplate when Mr. Fulton was drawing the plans of his paddle-wheels, and Mr. Cartwright contriving how his steam-engine should act upon them, that speculations apparently so chimerical should have been realised to their present wonderful extent? It is not assumed that Mr. Fulton, even with Mr. Cartwright's assistance, had at that time brought his plan of a steam-boat to any great degree of maturity; but it is believed that neither of these gentlemen were then aware of any other person having advanced towards steam navigation as far as themselves. Nor will this appear improbable, when it is considered that it was then a mere project, a chimera entertained only by a few projectors, who might be carrying on their respective schemes in distant parts of the kingdom, without any knowledge of each other's contrivances, although in aiming at the same project, and through the same means, they might hit upon the same mode of applying those means. An instance of this kind of coincidence is alluded to by Mr. Fulton, in his 'Treatise on Canal Navigation,' in which he candidly acknowledges having been anticipated in a contrivance that he had conceived to be original; but a more striking instance of a revived invention, possessing all the merit of originality, is that of Mr. Watt, who cannot be said to owe the great improvement that rendered his steam-engine so eminently applicable to the purposes of machinery to Mr. Jonathan Hulls, although Mr. Hulls had suggested the same idea many years before. If a person hit upon an invention that he never heard of, it is original in him; and if it be the result of patient study, or a habit of observation, he may be allowed to be a meritorious, if not a fortunate inventor; but if, by his energy and spirit of enterprise, he succeed in introducing into practice what others, perhaps, had only contemplated in theory, he is entitled to additional credit, without disparaging that of his predecessors.

"In 1797, Mr. Fulton went to France, at that period under the government of the Directory, and did not return to England until the latter end of 1802, or beginning of 1803, having passed a portion of the intervening time in America."

From America Fulton maintained a constant correspondence with his friend; and deeply interesting it is, as detailing the progress of his invention to perfection. We regret that we cannot find room for some portion of these letters.

Fulton projected a diving-boat, to swim under water, of which we have the following account in the memoir before us:—

THE DIVING BOAT.

"In the *Annual Register* for 1802, is an account of Mr. Fulton's diving-boat, taken from the relation of citizen St. Aubin, a man of letters at Paris, and member of the Tribunal, which confirms the inventor's own statement of the success of his experiment. 'I have,' says Monsieur St. Aubin, 'just been to inspect the plan and section of a nautilus, or diving-boat, invented by Mr. Fulton, similar to that with which he lately made his curious and interesting experiment at Havre and Brest. The diving-boat, in the construction of which he is now employed, will be capacious enough to contain eight men, and provision enough for twenty days, and will be of sufficient strength and power to enable him to plunge one hundred feet under water, if necessary. He has constructed a reservoir for air, which will enable eight men to remain under water for eight hours. When the boat is above water, it has two sails, and looks just like a common boat. When she is to dive, the mast and sails are struck. In making his experiment at Havre, Mr. Fulton not only remained a whole hour under water, with three of his companions, but kept his boat parallel to the horizon at any given depth. He proved that the compass points as correctly under water as on the surface; and that, while under water, the boat made way at the rate of half a league an hour, by means constructed for that purpose.'—Vol. xlv.

"Whatever might be the ingenuity of the contrivance, or merit when effected, of the *bateau plongeur*, it is certain that Earl Stanhope, no incompetent judge of mechanical and scientific subjects, entertained a formidable idea of its efficiency, and earnestly endeavoured to impress upon the English Government a sense of the danger that might arise to this country in consequence of the French nation having taken the American, Mr. Fulton, under their protection. In the following year (1803) his lordship again referred to Mr. Fulton's contrivance for blowing-up ships under water, and stated in the House of Lords that he had himself given a plan to the Admiralty, for preventing the effect of an invention, which he considered of so formidable a nature.

"It is evident that the art of navigating under water might convey an awful power into the hands of any one who possessed it; and consequently the British Ministry did not think it unworthy of inquiry how far Mr. Fulton's pretension to success, in so formidable an art, was well founded or not. Mr. Cartwright, who was probably in full possession of Mr. Fulton's secret, and not less impressed than Earl Stanhope with the notion of its dangerous extent, was consulted in this inquiry. On the renewal of the war, Mr. Fulton's neutrality, at least, was considered worth the purchase; and Mr. Cartwright was appointed one of the arbitrators to settle the terms upon which Mr. Fulton consented to the suppression of his secret. The terms of the award were probably satisfactory to Mr. Fulton. He returned to America not long after the arrangement alluded to, and in the following summer (1807) he had the satisfaction of seeing accomplished his long-cherished and favourite project of launching a steam-boat in his native country.

"As Mr. Fulton's name is introduced into this memoir solely with a reference to his intimacy with Mr. Cartwright, it is not necessary to enter more at length into the question of the extent to which he might, or might not, have availed himself of the inventions of others. It is certain that he owed much to his own ingenuity for the success that attended his first experiment at New York; and still more to that activity of mind and spirit of enterprise which enabled him so to establish steam navigation in America, that its obvious advantages there should have led to its extended adoption, not only in this country, but in every part of the civilised world.

"This ingenious and enterprising man died at New York, in the year 1835, in the forty-ninth year of his age."

Thirty years afterwards, we find Cartwright thus writing to Dr. Bardsley about the very steam-vessel he had helped to bring into existence. The passage is curious:—

"A steam-vessel arrived this morning from Ramsgate on a party of pleasure, the passengers above 300. They returned after an early dinner. Just as they were ready to set off, two others arrived from France. They had all bands of music on board. The day was uncommonly fine, the pier crowded by spectators. It was a most splendid sight, and I must own I felt no little gratification in reflecting on the share I had in contributing to the exhibition. You probably do not know that Fulton, who first brought steam navigation forward, was a most intimate friend of mine, and of course I lent him all the assistance in my power, of which I believe there is one proof still in existence—I mean, a model, to shew him how the power of steam might be applied. When I went to Woburn, I gave it to Lord John Russell, then about ten or eleven years old, as a plaything; it went by clockwork. His lordship used frequently to amuse himself with setting it afloat on the stew-ponds in the garden. If it is not worn out, his younger brothers may possibly amuse themselves with it to this day."

With these we conclude a hasty notice of a work which is peculiarly adapted for the Book Club. The materials are collected with industry, and the composition is easy and unaffected.

PHILOSOPHY.

Essays. By R. W. EMERSON. London, 1843. W. Smith.

THE history of the human mind continually illustrates the truth that contraries spring from contraries in intellect and morals, as Plato supposed was also the law of nature, and thence argued in his *Phædo* that death was but the birth of life. Aristotle was a pupil of Plato—St. Augustine's early life was marked by debauchery—Jeremy Bentham in his youth was a vehement and blind admirer of kingly power, and condemned the revolt of the American colonies. Gibbon was a Romanist before he became an infidel. The formalism of Romanism produced the intense hatred to all forms which characterized the Puritans, and their asceticism was no inefficient precursor of the immorality and looseness of the reign of our second Charles. Such facts may well be adduced among the thousand other proofs that man's character is not a mere reflex of external circumstances, but that their operation is controlled, now for good and now for evil, by his will, his passions, and his intellect. The *Essays* before us are another instance of this antagonism.

In America, pre-eminently the country where mechanical philosophy triumphs, where facts are worshipped most implicitly, where the spirit of thrift and barter threatens to extinguish all high principles, and the voice of the multitude, the passion of the moment, the party cry of the newspaper drown the calm voice of reason, and awe the advocates of right and justice into silence, or neutralize their half-audible whispers, there lives and writes, to a small but increasing audience, William Emerson. Endowed with a noble genius and high moral sentiments, his philosophy is Platonism on the verge of mysticism, he dwells with passionate fondness on the beautiful and the ideal, and scorns

"The hollow puppets of a hollow age."

To him Spinoza, Kant, Coleridge, and even Swedenborg, are sources of living water, while Locke, Paley, Stewart, are but as dry bones. He looks not to experience, but to his own intuitions; dreams not of expediency, makes no compromise with the world, seeks not wealth, nor bows his knee to its possessors, but looks on mind as the only reality, the culture of the spirit within as the only object worthy of a human being.

These *Essays* are twelve in number, and on the following subjects:—History, Self-Reliance, Compensation, Spiritual Laws, Love, Friendship, Prudence, Heroism, The Over-Soul, Circles, Intellect, Art. Their merits and faults are alike numerous. On the one hand earnestness, the result of deep convictions, vivid expression, boldness of thought, power to pierce through flimsy disguises, to arouse reflection, excite self-examination, convince each man that he is not a thing—not as a rudderless ship tossed on the sea of events—but that he possesses a reflective, responsible soul, with the capacities for wisdom and moral greatness; that he has this in common with all his fellow-creatures, poor or rich, noble or ignoble, learned or unlearned; that by this internal spirit all truth is to be discerned, all circumstances made to contribute to self-improvement and happiness, all evils vanquished, or good extracted from them; and communication, at all times, and in all places, held with the Great Spirit, the Eternal God. He teaches that the world's opinion is naught; that its pleasures are as the apples of the Dead Sea; that truth is to be sought in singleness of heart, and followed with unflinching integrity for itself, and not for any external contingent reward; that nobleness and greatness of character will be always appreciated even by those that imitate it not; that the requirements of the whole man must be obeyed; that falsehood and crime bring their own punishment, or, to quote his own words,

"Punishment is a fruit that unsuspected ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it. Cause and effect, means and ends, seed and fruit, cannot be severed; for the effect already blooms in the cause, the end pre-exists in the means, the fruit

in the seed. While thus the world will be whole, and refuses to be disparted, we seek to act partially; to sunder; to appropriate; for example—to gratify the senses, we sever the pleasure of the senses from the seeds of the character. The ingenuity of man has been dedicated always to the solution of one problem,—how to detach the sensual sweet, the sensual strong, the sensual bright, &c., from the moral sweet, the moral deep, the moral fair; that is again, to contrive to cut clear off this upper surface so thin as to leave it bottomless to get a one end without an other end—."

It may be said that there is nothing new in all this; but Coleridge has well remarked, that "truths of universal interest are often considered so true as to lose all the powers of truth, and lie bedridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors," and the manner in which they are here re-announced will gain for them attention which a more calm and perhaps more correct thinker would fail in obtaining. On the other hand, the faults of Emerson are such as might be expected from so eager a mind, and one so careless of the opinion of others. He professes to be a simple experimenter, an endless seeker, with no past at his back, and there is everywhere observable too great a contempt for the truths which the concurrence of the wisest men should have entitled to more examination, an ignorance of the multifarious errors which a man is led to commit, when he will rely upon himself merely, and take his own notions for law. He often lays down general principles, without hinting that they are only true under certain qualifications, or to those who possess certain pre-requisites to guide them in their practical application. For instance, he says in his *Essay on Self-Reliance*—"What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think," without any distinction being made or suggested between acts which our conscience dictates as matters of duty, and those numerous indifferent actions in which we hold men are bound to regard the opinion and usages of the world in which they live. Man can never be, as our author supposes, an isolated being.

He frequently uses dim, misty, and fanciful language, general terms, the meaning of which, even in his sense, is scarcely discoverable, as "the life of nature," "the law of his constitution," and nature he describes as "the rapid efflux of goodness executing and organizing itself."

He fixes his eye too much on the abuse of a principle or practice, while his own he carries to the utmost extremes. His imagination presents to him certain feelings as possible, and then he regards them as universal.

In his dislike of antiquity, and his over-estimation of the individual man, he forgets that, by his own main principle, his predecessors had as great facilities for seeing moral truth as himself, and does not consider the numerous ways in which an individual may be misled by submitting implicitly to his own intuitive suggestions. He forgets that in every individual there are tendencies to evil, which can only be overcome slowly, and are often strengthened by wilfulness, or what all the greatest thinkers of the heathen, as well as Christian world have felt, their own weakness to resist, by intellectual convictions only of the wrongfulness or imprudence of "conduct, the strong impulses of passion.

For a philosophical writer he wants logical powers, and far too frequently makes use of analogical parallels, drawn from external objects, which generally render the truth intended to be propounded obscure, and mislead the reader, if not the writer, into a belief that he understands the truth because the analogy is familiar to his perceptions.

It must too, we think, be admitted that his language tends strongly to Pantheism, combined, at the same time, with a tone of mystical contemplative devotion—Theosophy, as his party we believe name it—which strongly resembles the tenets of Spinoza.

The book, therefore, may be regarded as furnishing correctives to some great and not uncommon moral and intellectual evils, rather than as a whole which may be read without any caution as to the tendency and truthfulness of the doctrine.

It is, however, a book well worth perusal, and can injure no well-regulated mind.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Letters from New York. By MARIA CHILD.
London, 1843. Bentley.

THIS book is a curiosity in its way. It is the first attempt (to which the British public have been introduced) of an American to describe her country-folk, and thence it possesses an interest apart from its intrinsic merits.

We are accustomed to see and hear so much of the intense self-sufficiency of our half-brethren on the other side of the Atlantic, that we naturally look for extravagant self-laudation in any work descriptive of themselves. But from this expected vanity Mrs. Child is strangely free, and she certainly has succeeded in viewing New York, its inhabitants, and their modes of life, social and public, with an eye at least as impartial as any Englishman would use in London, and she has spoken out with a fearlessness highly creditable to her, considering her sex and the intense prejudices by which she is surrounded. Her volume, however, must not be judged as merely the book of a tourist; she has introduced into it a great deal of reflection, which agreeably varies the vivid descriptions that sparkle in her pages. We avow a partiality for this sort of mixed composition, for to us the change from the picture to the thoughts which it has raised in the writer's mind leads interest to both, and turns the mere pleasure of the eye into profit for the intellect. But if any object to such a manner of writing, they must know that Mrs. Child's excuse is the form in which these letters originally appeared, as articles in a magazine. We can at least vouch for it that it is an amusing work; it may safely be placed upon the list to be applied for at the circulating library; although, perhaps, it has scarcely solidity enough to be ordered by a book club. Two extracts, the one pictorial, the other reflective, will give a very fair impression of Mrs. Child's powers in both exercises of her accomplished mind, and of the character of the contents of her volume:—

A COLOURED WOMAN'S SERMON.

"A friend passing by the Methodist church in Elizabeth-street, heard such loud and earnest noises issuing therefrom, that he stepped in to ascertain the cause. A coloured woman was preaching to a full audience, and in a manner so remarkable that his attention was at once rivetted. The account he gave excited my curiosity, and I sought an interview with the woman, whom I ascertained to be Julia Pell, of Philadelphia. I learned from her that her father was one of the innumerable tribe of fugitives from slavery, assisted by that indefatigable friend of the oppressed, Isaac T. Hopper. This was quite a pleasant surprise to the benevolent old gentleman, for he was not aware that any of Zeek's descendants were living; and it was highly interesting to him to find one of them in the person of this female Whitfield. Julia never knew her father by the name of Zeek; for that was his appellation in slavery, and she had only known him as a freeman. Zeek, it seems, had been 'sold running,' as the term is; that is, a purchaser had given a very small part of his original value, taking the risk of not catching him. In Philadelphia, a coloured man, named Samuel Johnson, heard a gentleman making inquiries concerning a slave called Zeek, whom he had 'bought running.' 'I know him very well,' said Samuel, 'as well as I do myself; he's a good-for-nothing chap, and you'll be better without him than with him.' 'Do you think so?' 'Yes, if you gave what you say for him; it was a bite—that's all. He's a lazy, good-for-nothing dog, and you'd better sell your right in him the first chance you get.' After some further talk, Samuel acknowledged that Zeek was his brother. The gentleman advised him to buy him; but Samuel protested that he was such a lazy, vicious dog, that he wanted nothing to do with him. The gentleman began to have so bad an opinion of his bargain, that he offered to sell the fugitive for sixty dollars. Samuel, with great apparent indifference, accepted the terms, and the necessary papers were drawn. Isaac T. Hopper was in the room during the whole transaction; and the coloured man requested him to examine the papers to see that all was right. Being assured that every thing was in due form, he inquired, 'And is Zeek now free?' 'Yes, entirely free.' 'Suppose I was Zeek, and that was the man that bought me; couldn't he take me?' 'Not any more than he could take me,' said Isaac. As soon as Samuel received this assurance, he made a low bow to the gentleman, and, with additional fun in a face always roguish, said, 'Your servant, Sir; I am Zeek.' The roguishness characteristic of her father is reflected in some degree in Julia's intelligent face; but imagination, uncultivated, yet highly poetic, is her leading characteristic. * I asked Julia if she had ever tried to learn to read. She replied, 'Yes, ma'am, I tried once; because I thought it would be such a

convenience if I could read the Bible for myself. I made good progress, and in a short time could spell B-a-k-e-r as well as anybody. But it dragged my mind down. It dragged it down. When I tried to think, every thing scattered away like smoke, and I could do nothing but spell. Once I got up in an evening meeting to speak; and when I wanted to say 'Behold the days come,' I began 'B-a—.' I was dreadfully ashamed, and concluded I'd give up trying to learn to read.' These and several other particulars I learned of Julia at the house of Isaac T. Hopper. When about to leave us, she said she felt moved to pray. Accordingly, we all remained in silence while she poured forth a brief but very impressive prayer for her venerable host, of whom she spoke as 'that good old man, whom thou, O Lord, hadst raised up to do such a blessed work for my down-trodden people.' Julia's quiet, dignified, and even lady-like deportment in the parlour, did not seem at all in keeping with what I had been told of her in the pulpit, with a voice like a sailor at mast-head, and muscular action like Garrick in *Mad Tom*. On the Sunday following I went to hear her for myself; and, in good truth, I consider the event as an era in my life never to be forgotten. Such an odd jumbling together of all sorts of things in Scripture, such wild fancies, beautiful, sublime, or grotesque, such vehemence of gesture, such dramatic attitudes, I never before heard and witnessed. I verily thought she would have leaped over the pulpit; and if she had, I was almost prepared to have seen her poise herself on unseen wings, above the wondering congregation. I know not whether her dress was of her own choosing, but it was tastefully appropriate. A black silk gown, with plain white cuffs; a white muslin kerchief, folded neatly over the breast, and crossed by a broad black scarf, like that which bishops wear over the surplice. She began with great moderation, gradually rising in her tones, until she arrived at the shouting pitch common with Methodists. This she sustained for an incredible time, without taking breath, and with a huskiness of effort that produced a painful sympathy in my own lungs. Imagine the following thus uttered; that is, spoken without punctuation:—'Silence in Heaven! The Lord said to Gabriel, bid all the angels keep silence. Go up into the third heavens, and tell the archangels to hush their golden harps. Let the mountains be filled with silence. Let the sea stop its roaring, and the earth be still. What's the matter now? Why, man has sinned, and who shall save him? Let there be silence, while God makes search for a Messiah. Go down to the earth; make haste, Gabriel, and inquire if any there are worthy; and Gabriel returned, and said, No, not one. Go search among the angels, Gabriel, and inquire if any there are worthy; make haste, Gabriel; and Gabriel returned, and said, No, not one. But don't be discouraged. Don't be discouraged, fellow-sinners. God arose in his majesty, and he pointed to his own right hand, and said to Gabriel, behold! the Lion of the tribe of Judah; he alone is worthy. He shall redeem my people.' You will observe, it was purely her own idea that silence reigned on earth and in heaven while search was made for a Messiah. It was a beautifully poetic conception, not unworthy of Milton. Her description of the resurrection and the day of judgment must have been terrific to most of her audience, and was highly exciting even to me, whose religious sympathies could never be roused by fear. Her figure looked strangely fantastic, and even supernatural, as she loomed up above the pulpit, to represent the spirits rising from their graves. So powerful was her rude eloquence, that it continually impressed me with grandeur, and once only excited a smile; that was when she described a saint striving to rise, 'buried perhaps twenty feet deep, with three or four sinners a top of him.' * * * Luckily for the excited feelings of her audience, she changed the scene, and brought before us the gospel ship, laden with saints, and bound for the heavenly shore. The majestic motion of a vessel on the heaving sea, and the fluttering of its pennon in the breeze, was imitated with wild gracefulness by the motion of her hands. 'It touched the strand. Oh! it was a pretty morning! and at the first tap of heaven's bell the angels came crowding round, to bid them welcome. There you and I shall meet, my beloved fellow-travellers. Farewell—farewell; I have it in my temporal feelings that I shall never set foot in this New York again. Farewell on earth, but I shall meet you there,' pointing reverently upwards. 'May we all be aboard that blessed ship.' Shouts throughout the audience. 'We will! we will!' Stirred by such responses, Julia broke out with redoubled fervour. 'Farewell—farewell. Let the world say what they will of me, I shall surely meet you in Heaven's broad bay. Hell clutched me, but it hadn't energy enough to hold me. Farewell on earth. I shall meet you in the morning.' Again and again she tossed her arms abroad, and uttered her wild 'farewell,' responded to by the loud farewell of a whole congregation, like the shouts of an excited populace. Her last words were the poetic phrase, 'I shall meet you in the morning!' Her audience were wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm I ever witnessed. 'That's God's

truth!' 'Glory!' 'Amen!' 'Hallelujah!' resounded throughout the crowded house. Emotion vented itself in murmuring, stamping, shouting, singing, and wailing. It was like the uproar of a sea lashed by the winds.

"When the audience paused, Mr. Matthews, their pastor, rose to address them. He is a religious-minded man, to whose good influence Julia owes, under God, her present state of mind. She always calls him 'father,' and speaks of him with the most affectionate and grateful reverence. At one period of her life, it seems that she was led astray by temptations which peculiarly infest the path of coloured women in large cities; but ever since her 'conversion to God,' she has been strictly exemplary in her walk and conversation. In her own expressive language, 'Hell clutched her, but hadn't energy enough to hold her.' The missteps of her youth are now eagerly recalled by those who love to stir polluted waters; and they are brought forward as reasons why she ought not to be allowed to preach. I was surprised to learn that to this prejudice was added another, against women's preaching. This seemed a strange idea for Methodists, some of whose brightest ornaments have been women preachers. As far back as Adam Clarke's time, his objections were met by the answer, 'If an ass reproved Balaam, and a barn-door fowl reproved Peter, why shouldn't a woman reprove sin?' This classification with donkeys and fowls is certainly not very complimentary. The first comparison I heard most wittily replied to by a coloured woman who had once been a slave. 'Maybe speaking woman is like an ass,' said she; 'but I can tell you one thing—the ass saw the angel, when Balaam didn't.' Father Matthews, after apologizing for various misquotations of Scripture, on the ground of Julia's inability to read, added, 'But the Lord has evidently called this woman to a great work. He has made her mighty to the salvation of many souls, as a cloud of witnesses can testify. Some say she ought not to preach, because she is a woman. But I say, "Let the Lord send by whom he will send." Let everybody that has a message, deliver it—whether man or woman, white or coloured. Some say women mustn't preach, because they were first in the transgression; but it seems to me hard that if they helped us *into* sin, they shouldn't be suffered to help us *out*. I say, "Let the Lord send by whom he will send;" and my pulpit shall be always open.'"

This is graphic description. Let us turn now to a passage of a very different kind—a passage abounding in poetry, and which will bear repeated perusal. As we purpose to make the illustrative extracts in THE CRITIC a sort of collection of the beauties of the literature of the time, we cannot err in adding this to them:—

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

"There is something pleasant to my imagination in the fact that every tree has its own peculiar note and is a performer in the great concert of the universe, which for ever rises before the throne of Jehovah. But when the idea is applied to man, it is painful in the extreme. The Emperor of Russia is said to have an imperial band, in which each man is doomed all his life long to sound one note, that he may acquire the greatest possible perfection. The effect of the whole is said to be admirable; but nothing would tempt me to hear this human musical machine. A tree is a unit in creation; though, like everything else, it stands in relation to all things; but every human soul represents the universe. There is horrible profanation in compelling a living spirit to utter but one note. Theological sects strive to do this continually; for they are sects because they magnify some one attribute of Deity or see but one aspect of the Divine government. To me, their fragmentary echoes are most discordant; but doubtless the angels listen to them as a whole, and perhaps they hear a pleasant chorus. Music, whether I listen to it, or try to analyse it, ever fills me with thoughts which I cannot express—because I cannot sing; for nothing but music can express the emotions to which it gives birth. Language, even the richest flow of metaphor, is too poor to do it. That the universe moves to music, I have no doubt; and could I but penetrate this mystery, where the finite passes into the infinite, I should surely know how the world was created. Pythagoras supposed that the heavenly bodies, in their motion, produce music inaudible to mortals. These motions, he believed, conformed to certain fixed laws, that could be stated in numbers, corresponding to the numbers which express the harmony of sounds. This 'music of the spheres,' has been considered an idea altogether fanciful; but the immortal Kepler applied the Pythagorean theory of numbers and musical intervals, to the distances of the planets; and a long time after, Newton discovered and acknowledged the importance of the application. Said I not, the universe moved to music? The planets dance before Jehovah; and music is the echo of their motions. Surely the ear of Beethoven had listened to it, when he wrote those misnamed 'waltzes' of his, which, as John S. Dwight says, 'remind us of no dance, unless it be the dances of the heavenly

systems in their sublime career through space.' Have you ever seen Retzsch's illustration of Schiller's Song of the Bell? If you have, and know how to appreciate its speaking gracefulness, its earnest depth of life, you are richer than Rothschild or Astor; for a vision of beauty is an everlasting inheritance. Perhaps none but a German would have thus entwined the sound of a bell with the whole of human life; for with them the bell mingles with all of mirth, sorrow, and worship. Almost all the German and Belgian towns are provided with chiming bells, which play at noon and evening. There was such a set of musical bells in the church of St. Nicholas, at Hamburg. The bell-player was a grey-headed man, who had for many years rung forth the sonorous chimes, that told the hours to the busy throng below. When the church was on fire, either from infirmity or want of thought, the old man remained at his post. In the terrible confusion of the blazing city, no one thought of him, till the high steeple was seen wreathed with flame. As the throng gazed upward, the firm walls of the old church, that had stood for ages, began to shake. At that moment the bells sounded the well-known German Choral, which usually concludes the Protestant service, 'Nun danket alle Gott'—'Now all thank God.' Another moment and there was an awful crash! The bells, which had spoken into the hearts of so many generations, went silent for ever. They and the old musician sunk together into a fiery grave; but the echo of their chimes goes sounding on through the far eternity. They have a beautiful custom at Hamburg. At ten o'clock in the morning, when men are hurrying hither and thither in the great whirlpool of business, from the high church tower comes down the sound of sacred music, from a large and powerful horn appropriated to that service. It is as if an angel spake from the clouds, reminding them of immortality.

"You have doubtless heard of the mysterious music that peals over the bay at West Pascagoula. It has for a long time been one of the greatest wonders of the south-west. Multitudes have heard it, rising as it were from the water, like the drone of a bagpipe, then floating away—away—away—in the distance—soft, plaintive, and fairy-like, as if Æolian harps sounded with richer melody through the liquid element; but none have been able to account for the beautiful phenomenon. There are several legends touching these mysterious sounds. * * But in these days, few things are allowed to remain mysterious. A correspondent of the *Baltimore Republican* thus explains the music of the water spirits:—'During several of my voyages on the Spanish main, in the neighbourhood of 'Paraguay,' and San Juan de Nicaragua, from the nature of the coast, we were compelled to anchor at a considerable distance from the shore; and every evening, from dark to late night, our ears were delighted with Æolian music, that could be heard beneath the counter of our schooner. At first, I thought it was the sea-breeze sweeping through the strings of my violin (the bridge of which I had inadvertently left standing); but after examination, I found it was not so. I then placed my ear on the rail of the vessel, when I was continually charmed with the most heavenly strains that ever fell upon my ear. They did not sound as close to us, but were sweet, mellow, and aerial; like the soft breathings of a thousand lutes, touched by fingers of the deep sea-nymphs, at an immense distance. Although I have considerable 'music in my soul,' one night I became tired, and determined to fish. My luck in half an hour was astonishing; I had half filled my bucket with the finest white cat-fish I ever saw; and it being late, and the cook asleep, and the moon shining, I filled my bucket with water and took fish and all into my cabin for the night. I had not yet fallen asleep, when the same sweet notes fell upon my ear; and getting up, what was my surprise to find my 'cat-fish' discoursing sweet sounds to the sides of my bucket. I examined them closely, and discovered that there was attached to each lower lip an excrescence, divided by soft, wiry fibres. By the pressure of the upper lip thereon, and by the exhalation and discharge of breath, a vibration was created, similar to that produced by the breath on the tongue of the jew's harp.' So you see the Naiads have a band to dance by. I should like to have the mocking-bird try his skill at imitating this submarine melody. You know the Bob-o-link with his inimitable strain of 'linked sweetness, long drawn out.' At a farm house occupied by my father-in-law, one of these rich warblers came and seated himself on a rail near the window, and began to sing. A cat-bird (our New England mocking-bird) perched near, and began to imitate the notes. The short, quick, 'bob-o-link,' 'bob-o-link,' he could master very well; but when it came to the prolonged shrill of gushing melody, at the close of the strain—the imitator stopped in the midst. Again the bob-o-link poured forth his soul in song; the mocking-bird hopped nearer, and listened more intently. Again he tried; but it was all in vain. The bob-o-link, as if conscious that none could imitate his God-given tune, sent forth a clearer, stronger, richer strain than ever. The mocking-

bird evidently felt that his reputation was at stake. He warbled all kinds of notes in quick succession. You would have thought the house was surrounded by robins, sparrows, whippowills, blackbirds, and linnets. Having shown off his accomplishments, he again tried his powers on the altogether inimitable trill. The effort he made was prodigious; but it was mere talent trying to copy genius. He couldn't do it. He stopped, gasping, in the midst of the prolonged melody, and flew away abruptly, in evident vexation. Music, like every thing else, is now passing from the few to the many. The art of printing has laid before the multitude the written wisdom of ages, once locked up in the elaborate manuscripts of the cloister. Engraving and daguerreotype spread the productions of the pencil before the whole people. Music is taught in our common schools, and the cheap accordion brings its delights to the humblest class of citizens. All these things are full of prophecy. Slowly, slowly, to the measured sound of the spirit's music, there goes round the world the golden band of brotherhood; slowly, slowly, the earth comes to its place, and makes a chord with heaven. Sing on, thou true-hearted, and be not discouraged! If a harp be in perfect tune, and a flute, or other instrument of music, be near it, and in perfect tune also, thou canst not play on one without awakening an answer from the other. Behold, thou shalt hear its sweet echo in the air, as if played on by the invisible. Even so shall other spirits vibrate to the harmony of thine. Utter what God giveth thee to say. In the sunny West Indies, in gay and graceful Paris, in frozen Iceland, and the deep stillness of the Hindoo jungle, thou wilt wake a slumbering echo, to be carried on for ever through the universe. In word and act sing thou of united truth and love; another voice shall take up the strain over the waters; soon it will become a word concert;—and thou above there, in that realm of light and love, well pleased wilt hear thy early song, in earth's sweet vibration to the harps of heaven."

Here is a touching story well told:—

THE FUGITIVE FROM PROVIDENCE.

"Of perfect social freedom I never knew but one instance. Dr. H—, of Boston, coming home to dine one day, found a very bright-looking, handsome mulatto on the steps, apparently about seven or eight years old. As he opened the door, the boy glided in, as if it were his home. 'What do you want?' said the doctor. The child looked up with smiling confidence, and answered; 'I am a little boy that run away from Providence, and I want some dinner, and I thought may be you would give me some.' His radiant face and child-like freedom operated like a charm. He had a good dinner, and remained several days, becoming more and more the pet of the whole household. He said he had been cruelly treated by somebody in Providence, and had run away; but the people he described could not be found. The doctor thought it would not do to have him growing up in idleness, and he tried to find a place where he could run of errands, clean knives, &c., for his living. An hour after this was mentioned, the boy was missing. In a few weeks they heard of him in the opposite part of the city, sitting on a door step at dinner time. When the door opened, he walked in, smiling, and said, 'I am a little boy that run away from Providence, and I want some dinner, and I thought may be you would give me some.' He was not mistaken this time either. The heart that trusted so completely received a cordial welcome. After a time it was again proposed to find some place at service, and straightway this human butterfly was off, no one knew whither.

"For several months no more was heard of him. But one bright winter day, his first benefactor found him seated on the steps of a house in Beacon-street. 'Why, Tom, where did you come from?' said he. 'I came from Philadelphia.' 'How upon earth did you get there?' 'I heard folks talk about New York, and I thought I should like to see it. So I went on board a steam boat; and when it put off the captain asked me who I was, and I told him that I was a little boy that run away from Providence, and I wanted to go to New York, but I hadn't any money.' 'You little rascal,' says he, 'I'll throw you overboard.' 'I don't believe you will,' said I; and he didn't. I told him I was hungry, and he gave me something to eat, and made up a nice little bed for me. When I got to New York I went and sat down on a door-step, and when the gentleman came home to dinner I went in, and told him that I was a little boy that run away from Providence, and I was hungry. So they gave me something to eat and made up a nice little bed for me, and let me stay there. But I wanted to see Philadelphia; so I went into a steam-boat; and when they asked who I was, I told them that I was a little boy that run away from Providence. They said I had no business there, but they gave me an orange. When I got to Philadelphia I sat down on a door-step, and when the gentleman came home to dinner, I told him I was a little boy that run away from Providence, and I thought perhaps he would give me something to eat. So they gave me a good dinner and made me up a nice little bed. Then I wanted to come back to

Boston; and everybody gave me something to eat, and made me up a nice little bed. And I sat down on this door-step, and when the lady asked me what I wanted, I told her I was a little boy that run away from Providence, and I was hungry. So she gave me something to eat and made me up a nice little bed; and I stay here and do her errands sometimes. Everybody is very good to me, and I like everybody."

"He looked up with the most sunny gaiety, and striking his hoop as he spoke, went down the street like an arrow. He disappeared soon after, probably in quest of new adventures. I have never heard of him since; and sometimes a painful fear passes through my mind that the kidnappers, prowling about all our large towns, have carried him into slavery."

"The story had a charm for me, for two reasons. I was delighted with the artless freedom of the winning, wayward child; and still more did I rejoice in the perpetual kindness which everywhere gave it such friendly greeting. Oh! if we would but dare to throw ourselves on each other's hearts, how the image of HEAVEN would be reflected all over the face of this earth, as the clear blue sky lies mirrored in the waters."

Narrative of the Travels and Adventures of Monsieur Violet, in California, Sonora, and Western Texas. Written by Capt. MARRYAT, C.B. 3 vols. London, 1843. Longman and Co.

We have doubted whether we should not have classed this work among the fictions, for we conceive that *Monsieur Violet* is an imaginary personage, although the main purpose of the book is to describe men and manners in the Texas, that newly formed state in Western America, which is said to consist of the scum of all the nations upon the earth; and if there be any approach to fidelity in the pictures of Captain Marryat, there will be no hesitation in affixing such a character to a population unique in the world's history.

Monsieur Violet is as adventurous a personage as any in romance. At the age of seventeen he becomes a chief among the tribes of Western Indians, who are painted in the captain's most graphic manner. But we turn from the fiction to the fact, from the romance to the reality, and treating these volumes as intended by the author to convey, in a more amusing manner than by formal tour-writing, his experiences of the rascally Texian republic, we will confine our illustrative extracts to passages of description, commending them to the reader as well adapted for his book club, and certainly to be placed upon the list to be procured from the library. But the following passages will be sufficient temptation to further research.

A DAY AT ARKANSAS.

"Legislature was then sitting. Two of the legislators happened to be of a contrary opinion, and soon abused each other. From words they came to blows, and one shot the other with one of Colt's revolving six-barrel pistols. This event stopped legislative business for that day; the corpse was carried to the tavern where I had just arrived, and the murderer having procured bail for two thousand dollars, ran away during the night, and nobody ever thought of searching for him. The corpse proved to be a bonus for my landlord, who had it deposited in a room next to the bar, and as the news spread, all the male population of Little Rock came in crowds to see with their own eyes, and to give their own opinion of the case over a bottle of wine or a glass of whiskey. Being tired, I went to bed early, and was just dozing, in spite of the loud talking and swearing below, when I heard five or six shots fired in rapid succession, and followed by yells and screams. I got up and stopped a negro-girl, as she was running up-stairs, a picture of terror and despair. 'What is the matter, Blackey?' said I; 'are they shooting in the bar?' 'Oh yes, Massa,' she answered; 'they shoot terrible. Dr. Francis says, Dr. Grey is a blackguard; Dr. Grey says, Dr. Francis is a ruffian; Dr. Francis shoots with big pistols and kills Dr. Grey; Dr. Grey shoots with other pistols and kills Dr. Francis.' 'What,' I exclaimed, 'after he was dead?' 'Oh no, Massa, before he was dead; they shoot together—pan, pan, pan.' I went down-stairs to ascertain the circumstances attending this double murder. A coroner's inquest had been held upon the body of the legislator killed in the morning, and the two surgeons, who had both drunk freely at the bar, had quarrelled about the direction which the ball had taken. As they did not agree, they came to words; from words to blows; ending in the grand finale of shooting each other."

A TEXIAN JUDGE.

"Six miles from Austin we stopped at the farm of the Honourable Judge Webb, and asked leave to water our horses, as they had travelled forty miles under a hot sun without drawing bit. The honourable judge flatly refused, although he had a good well, besides a pond, under fence, covering several acres; his wife, however, reflecting, perhaps, that her

stores were rather short of coffee or salt, entered into a rapid discussion with her worse half, and by-and-by that respectable couple of honourables agreed to sell water to us at twenty-five cents a bucket. When we dismounted to take the bridles off our horses, the daughters arrived, and perceiving we had new silk sashes and neckerchiefs and some fine jewels, they devoured us with their eyes, and one of them, speaking to her papa, that most hospitable gentleman invited us to enter his house. By that time we were once more upon our saddles and ready to start. Roche felt indignant at the meanness of the fellow, who had received our seventy-five cents for the water before he invited us into the house. We refused, and Roche told him that he was an old scoundrel to sell for money that which even a savage will never refuse to his most bitter enemy. The rage of the honourable cannot be depicted:—"My rifle!" he vociferated, "my rifle! for God's sake, Betsey—Juliet, run for my rifle!" The judge then went into the house; but, as three pistols were drawn from our holsters, neither he nor his rifle made their appearance, so we turned our horses' heads and rode on leisurely to Austin."

The prairies, it seems, are often broken by enormous fissures or chasms. The captain thus describes one, the depth of which was at least a thousand feet, and nearly five hundred yards in width:—

AN ABYSS.

"As we journeyed along this chasm, we were struck with admiration at the strange and fanciful figures made by the washing of the waters during the rainy season. In some places, perfect walls, formed of a reddish clay, were to be seen standing; in any other locality it would have been impossible to believe but that they had been raised by the hand of man. The strata of which these walls were composed was regular in width, hard, and running perpendicularly; and where the softer sand which had surrounded them had been washed away, the strata still remained standing, in some places one hundred feet high, and three or four hundred in length. Here and there were columns, and such was their architectural regularity, and so much of chaste grandeur was there about them, that we were lost in admiration and wonder. In other places the breastworks of forts would be plainly visible, then again the frowning turrets of some castle of the olden time. Cumbersome pillars, apparently ruins of some mighty piles formerly raised to religion or royalty, were scattered about; regularity and perfect design were strangely mixed up with ruin and disorder, and nature had done it all. Niagara has been considered one of her wildest freaks; but Niagara falls into insignificance when compared with the wild grandeur of this awful chasm. Imagination carried me back to Thebes, to Palmyra, and the Edomite Petra, and I could not help imagining that I was wandering among their ruins.

"In the Iowa territory, I once asked a farmer my way to Dubuque. 'A stranger, I reckon,' he answered; 'but no matter, the way is plain enough. Now mind what I say: After you have forded the river, you will strike the military road till you arrive in the prairie; then you ride twenty miles east till you arrive at Caledonia city; there they will tell you all about it.' I crossed the river, and, after half an hour's fruitless endeavours, I could not find the military road, so I forded back, and returned to my host. 'Law!' he answered; 'why the trees are blazed on each side of the road.' Now, if he had told me that at first, I could not have been mistaken, for I had seen the blazing of a bridle path; but as he had announced a military road, I expected what it imported, a military road. I resumed my journey, and entered the prairie. The rays of the sun were very powerful, and, wishing to water my horse, I hailed with delight a miserable hut, sixteen feet square, which I saw at about half a mile from the trail. In a few minutes I was before the door, and tied my horse to a post, upon which was a square board hearing some kind of hieroglyphics on both sides. Upon a closer inspection I saw upon one side 'Ice,' and upon the other 'POSTOFF.' 'A Russian, a Swede, or a Norwegian,' thought I, knowing that Iowa contained eight or ten thousand emigrants of those countries. 'Ice—well, that is a luxury rarely to be found by a traveller in the prairie, but it must be pretty dear; no matter, have some I must.' I entered the hut, and saw a dirty woman half naked, and slumbering upon a stool, by the corner of the chimney. 'Any milk?' I inquired, rousing her up. She looked at me and shook her head; evidently she did not understand me; however she brought me a stone jug full of whiskey, a horn tumbler, and a pitcher of water. 'Can you give my horse a pail of water?' I asked again. The woman bent down her body, and dragging from under the bed a girl of fourteen, quite naked, and with a skin as tough as that of an alligator, ordered her to the well with a large bucket. Having thus provided for my beast, I sat upon a stump that served for a chair, and once more addressed my hostess. 'Now, my good woman, let us have the ice.'—'The what?' she answered. As I could not make her understand what I wanted, I was

obliged to drink the whiskey with water almost tepid, and my horse being refreshed, I paid my fare and started. I rode for three hours more, and was confident of having performed twice the distance named by my host in the morning, and yet the prairie still extended as far as the eye could reach, and I could not perceive the city of Caledonia. Happily, I discovered a man at a distance riding towards me: we soon met. 'How far,' said I, 'to Caledonia city?'—'Eighteen miles,' said the traveller. 'Is there no farm on the way?' I rejoined, 'for my horse is tired.'—The horseman stared at me in amazement. 'Why Sir,' he answered, 'you turn your back to it; you have passed it eighteen miles behind.' 'Impossible!' I exclaimed; 'I never left the trail, except to water my horse at a little hut.'—'Well,' he answered, 'that was at General Hiram Washington Tippet's; he keeps the post-office—why, Sir, that was Caledonia city.'"

A Week at Killarney. By MR. and MRS. HALL. London, 1843. How.

WHATEVER relates to Ireland is of surpassing interest just now; more especially where the information is proffered by writers so familiar with their subject, and such shrewd observers, as the accomplished partners whose names appear upon the title page. As this volume is in fact little more than a reprint of a portion of their larger work on "Ireland," and as it is intended merely as a tourist's guide, we need do no more than state that it is embellished with many of the illustrations of the work from which it was taken, and submit it as a useful hand-book to tourists. Some short extracts will shew the style of the work, and must interest the reader.

Here is an account of

LOCOMOTION IN IRELAND.

"To the 'safety' and 'security' of travelling in Ireland it may seem superfluous to refer; but there are many who, in utter ignorance of the country and its people, have formed unaccountably erroneous opinions on the subject. It may, therefore, be well to lay peculiar stress upon the testimony supplied by every writer concerning the country, and the report of every tourist by whom it has been visited. For ourselves we have never hesitated to make journeys at all hours of the day or night, through any part of the country, upon ordinary jaunting-cars, under the full conviction that we were as safe as we should have been between Kensington and Hyde Park. It is not enough to say that we never encountered insult or injury; we never met with the smallest interruption, incivility, or even discourtesy, that could induce a suspicion that wrong or rudeness was intended. During our various wanderings we have been located at all sorts of 'houses of entertainment,' from the stately hotel of the city to the poor 'cabaret' of a mountain village. We never lost the value of a shilling by misconduct on the part of those to whom our property was intrusted. We should indeed ill discharge our duty if we did not testify, as strongly as language enables us to do, to the generosity and honesty of the Irish character. It may be judicious to remark that at no period has the security of travelling in Ireland been more certain than it is at this moment. During the present month—in June, 1843—we travelled upon an outside car from Macroom to Cork, a distance of twenty-four miles, between the hours of eight and twelve at night. The mention of this fact will cause a smile in those who know the country; but there are many in England to whom it may be a necessary hint—who are postponing a desired excursion under the utterly groundless dread that it is dangerous to make it. We repeat, therefore, that a safer country for a stranger to travel in is not in the world."

Few persons are aware of the existence in the sister isle of such a fraternity as

THE PALATINES.

"In the immediate vicinity of Adare—but also in other parts of the country—a singular and peculiar race of strangers settled a century and a half ago, and still keep themselves, to a considerable extent, apart and separate from the people. They are known as 'the Palatines.' (a) Early in the last century Lord

(a) "About sixty years ago Ferrar, the historian of Limerick, thus wrote of the Palatines:—'They preserve their language, but it is declining; they sleep between two beds; they appoint a burgomaster, to whom they appeal in all disputes. They are industrious men, and have leases from the proprietors of the land at reasonable rents; they are consequently better fed and clothed than the generality of Irish peasants. Besides their modes of husbandry and crops are better than those of their neighbours. They have by degrees left off their sour crout, and feed on potatoes, milk, butter, oats and wheat bread, some meat and fowls, of which they rear many. They keep their cows housed in winter, feeding them with hay and oats straw; their houses are remarkably clean, to which they have stables, cow-houses, a lodge for their plough, and neat kitchen-gardens. The women are very industrious, and perform many things which

Southwell introduced into Ireland a number of German Protestants, placing them originally at Court-Matress.

"Even now they are very different in character, and distinct in habits, from the people of the country. We viewed several of their cottages, or, as they are better pleased to call them, 'houses,' in the neighbourhood of Adare; and the neatness, good order, and quantity and quality of the furniture—useful and ornamental—too surely indicated that we were not in a merely Irish cabin. Huge fitches of bacon hung from the rafters; the chairs were, in several instances, composed of walnut-tree and oak; massive and heavy, although rudely carved chests, contained, as we are told, the house linen and woollen, and the wardrobes of the inhabitants. The elders of the family preserve, in a great degree, the language, customs, and religion of their old country; but the younger mingle and marry with their Irish neighbours. The men are tall, fine, stout fellows, as our Irish friend said, 'to follow'; but there is a calm and stern severity and reserve in their aspect that is anything but cheering to a traveller to meet, particularly after being accustomed to the brilliant smiles and hearty 'God save ye kindly,' so perpetually on the peasant's lips, and always in his eyes. This characteristic is also remarkable in the cottages. The women are sombre-looking, and their large blue eyes are neither bright nor expressive; they are slow to bid you welcome, and, if they rise from their seats, resume them quickly, and hardly suspend their occupations to talk with you; not that they are uncourteous—they are simply cold, reserved, and of that high-toned manner which is at ease with or careless of the presence of strangers. In their dealings they are considered upright and honourable. Like the Quakers of old, they do not interfere with either politics or religion, are cautious as to land-taking, and in the troublous times, when the generality of persons were afraid to walk forth, the quiet Palatine pursued his avocations without let or hindrance, being rarely if ever molested. Many of the old Palatines used to have their Bibles buried with them, and this accounts for our being unable to find any other than English Bibles in their houses. We failed, indeed, to discover any books in their own language; but one of the elders told us they had given many of them to the soldiers of the German legion as keepsakes, while that body was quartered in the neighbourhood. They are at present, both as regards their customs and traditions, only a relic of the past; and yet one so strongly marked and so peculiar that it will take a long time before all trace of the 'Father-land' is obliterated. Their superstitions, also, savour strongly of the banks of the Rhine, but they are careful in communicating them, which may proceed from their habitual reserve. They retain the names of their ancestors, such as 'Fritz,' 'Meta,' 'Ella,' 'Ruth,' 'Ebenezer,' which are common among them, and sound strangely when mingled with the more aboriginal Dinnyss and Nellys."

How characteristic of the country is the sketch of

A CAR DRIVER.

"Persons who have never travelled in Ireland can have but a very inadequate idea of the wit and humour of the Irish car-drivers. They are, for the most part, a thoughtless and reckless set of men, living upon chances, always 'taking the way aisy,'—that is to say, having no care for the morrow, and seldom being owners of a more extensive wardrobe than the nondescript mixture they carry about their persons. They are the opposite in all respects of the English postillions; the latter do their duty, but seldom familiarise their 'fares' to the sound of their voices. In nine cases out of ten the traveller never exchanges a word with his post-boy; a touch of the hat acknowledges the gratuity when 'the stage' is ended, and the driver, having consigned his charge to his successor, departs, usually in ignorance whether his chaise has contained man, woman, or child. He neither knows, nor cares for, ought of their concerns, except that he is to advance so many miles upon such a road, according to the instructions of his employer. The Irish driver, on the contrary, will ascertain during your progress where you come from, where you are going, and, very often, what you are going about. He has a hundred ways of wiling himself into your confidence, and is sure to put in a word or two upon every available opportunity; yet in such a manner as to render it impossible for you to subject him to the charge of impertinence. Indeed it is a striking peculiarity of the lower classes of the Irish that they can be familiar without being presuming; tender advice without appearing intrusive; and even command your movements without seeming to interfere in the least with your own free-will. This quality the car-driver enjoys to perfection. Formerly he rarely took his seat without being half intoxicated; now a-days an oc-

the Irish women could never be prevailed on to do; besides their domestic employments and the care of their children, they reap the corn, plough the ground, and assist the men in every thing. In short, the Palatines have benefited the country by increasing tillage, and are a laborious, independent people, who are mostly employed on their own small farms."

currence of the kind is next to impossible. It cannot be denied, however, that much of his natural drollery has vanished with the whiskey. The chances now are that the driver will be as common-place a personage as the English postilion, conveying you safely to your journey's end, without causing alarm or exciting laughter. Still you may be lucky in meeting a pleasant fellow, who combines the humour of the old school with the prudence of the new; who can be sober without being stupid; can entertain you with amusing anecdotes along a dull road; describe interesting objects upon a road that supplies them, and communicate information upon all points of importance without endangering the bones of the passenger. Just such a pleasant acquaintance may be made at Killarney in the person of Jerry O'Sullivan, driver-in-chief of the Herbert Arms at Mucross, of whom we shall have some stories to tell."

SCIENCE.

The Popular Encyclopedia of Natural Science.

Edited by Dr. WILLIAM CARPENTER. London, 1843. Orr and Co.

THIS is the age of Dictionaries. There is a regiment of *literateurs* whose sole business it is to index knowledge, as if it were desired to supply the world with whatever it wants in the shape of learning without the preliminary labour of self-search, and the task of storing it in the memory. As if universal cyclopædias, condensing all human knowledge, were not sufficient for this purpose, the press teems with dictionaries and cyclopædias, each one devoted to a single branch, or mayhap a twig, or a leaf, of the tree, whose fruit our general father coveted, and to taste of which he sold Paradise. What need now-a-day to batter the brain with mechanical problems, or to waste whole days in poring over pages of musty lore, when all that one requires for any occasion that can be imagined is to be had ready labelled and polished for use in a cyclopædia? Here, for instance, is a Dictionary of Natural Science, comprising almost every thing that persons, not naturalists by profession, are likely to need a knowledge of; though we must confess, if one is expected to have in his library a distinct cyclopædia for each science, it would be cheaper and more convenient to purchase the *Britannica* or the *Metropolitan* at once.

Dr. Carpenter's work is certainly one of the best of its class that has been published. It is "Popular" in the proper sense of the term; that is to say, shunning the too common fault of mistaking silliness for simplicity, and supposing that difficult ideas may be made intelligible by conveying them in the language of children, it makes itself understood by the rational process of describing facts first, and then deducing results, and doing both in good, whole-some, vernacular, avoiding technicalities wherever they can be dispensed with, and, assuming that the reader is wholly ignorant of the subject, beginning with its rudiments, and thence conducting him step by step unconsciously into its very heart.

The parts last published contain a very perspicuous, interesting, and most useful account of animal physiology, a branch of science too much neglected in our educational system, but the value of which can only be rightly estimated by those who have enjoyed the advantage of such a knowledge of it as this publication is calculated to afford. It is illustrated by a profusion of wood-cuts, executed accurately and with spirit, and these greatly enhance its utility, for it is difficult to convey accurate notions of structure by words alone. This work may, therefore, be recommended to those who seek to know the most important facts of Natural Science, and it has this further advantage, that it is as much a book for reading as a book for reference. In proof of our opinion, we select a few passages that will repay perusal.

THE RATIONALE OF SIGHING, &c.

"The actions of *sighing*, *yawning*, *sobbing*, *laughing*, *coughing*, and *sneezing*, are nothing else than simple modifications of the ordinary movements of respiration, excited either by mental emotions or by some stimulus originating in the respiratory organs themselves. *Sighing* is nothing more than a very long-drawn inspiration, in which a larger quantity of air than usual is made to enter the lungs. This is continually taking place in a moderate degree, as already noticed (sec. 334); and we notice it particularly when the attention is relaxed after having been fixed upon an object which has excited it strongly, and which has prevented our feeling the insufficiency of the ordinary respiratory movements. Hence this action is only occasionally connected with mental emotion. *Yawning* is a still deeper inspiration,

which is accompanied with a kind of spasmodic contraction of the muscles of the jaw, and also by a very great elevation of the ribs, in which the shoulders and arms partake. The purely involuntary character of this movement is sometimes seen in a remarkable manner in cases of palsy; in which the patient cannot raise his shoulder by an effort of the will, but does so in the act of yawning. Nevertheless, the action may be performed by the will, though not completely; and it is one that is particularly excited by an involuntary tendency to imitation, as every one must have experienced who has ever been in company with a set of yawners. *Sobbing* is the consequence of a series of short convulsive contractions of the diaphragm; and it is usually accompanied by a closure of the glottis, so that no air really enters. In *hiccup* the same convulsive inspiratory movement occurs; and the glottis closes suddenly in the midst of it, and the sound is occasioned by the impulse of the column of air in motion against the glottis. In *laughing* a precisely reverse action takes place; the muscles of expiration are in convulsive movement, more or less violent, and send out the breath in a series of jerks, the glottis being open. This sometimes goes on until the diaphragm is more arched, and the chest more completely emptied of air, than it could be by any ordinary movement of expiration. The act of *crying*, though occasioned by a contrary emotion, is, so far as the respiration is concerned, very nearly the same. We all know the effect of mixed emotions, in producing something 'between a laugh and a cry.'

"The purposes of the acts of *coughing* and *sneezing* are, in both instances, to expel substances from the air passages, which are sources of irritation there; and this is accomplished in both by a violent expiratory effort, which sends forth a blast of air from the lungs. *Coughing* occurs when the source of irritation is situated at the back of the mouth, in the trachea, or bronchial tubes. The irritation may be produced by acrid vapours, or by liquids or solids, that have found their way into these passages; or by secretions which have been poured into them in unusual quantity, as the result of disease; and the latter will be the more likely to produce the effect, from the irritable state in which the lining membrane of the air-passage already is. The impression made upon this membrane is conveyed by the nerves spread out beneath its surface, to the spinal cord; and the motor impulses are sent to the different muscles, which combine them in the act of coughing. This act consists—1st, in a long inspiration, which fills the lungs; 2nd, in the closure of the glottis at the moment when expiration commences; and, 3rd, in the bursting open, as it were, of the glottis, by the violence of the expiratory movement, so that a sudden blast of air is forced up the air-passages, carrying before it anything that may offer an obstruction. The difference between coughing and sneezing consists in this—that in the latter, the communication between the larynx and the mouth is partly or entirely closed, by the drawing together of the sides of the veil of the palate over the back of the tongue; so that the blast of air is directed more or less completely through the nose, and in such a way as to carry off any source of irritation that may be present there."

HUMAN ELECTRICITY.

"The most remarkable case of the production of electricity in the human being, at present on record, is one lately related on excellent authority in America. The subject of it, a lady, was for many months in an electric state so different from that of surrounding bodies, that whenever she was but slightly insulated by a carpet or other feebly-conducting medium, sparks passed between her person and any object which she approached. From the pain which accompanied the passage of sparks, her condition was a source of much discomfort to her; when most favourably circumstanced, four sparks per minute would pass from her finger to the brass ball of a stove at a distance of 1½ inch. The circumstances which appeared most favourable to the production of electricity were an atmosphere of about 80 degrees, tranquillity of mind, and social enjoyment; while a low temperature and depressing emotions diminished it in a corresponding degree. The phenomena was first noticed during the occurrence of a vivid aurora borealis; and though its first appearance was sudden, its departure was gradual. Various experiments were made, with the view of ascertaining if the electricity was produced by the friction of articles of dress; but no change in these seemed to modify its intensity."

Familiar Letters on Chemistry, and its relation to Commerce, Physiology, and Agriculture. By JUSTUS LIEBIG, M.D., Ph.D., F.R.S., &c. Edited by JOHN GARDNER, M.D. London, 1843. Taylor and Walton.

THESE letters are intended to be mere sketches of subjects which Professor Liebig has already, or will hereafter, more fully discuss in more important works, which will send his name down to the latest posterity as one of the noble band who have, by

their single exertions, carried forward the boundaries of knowledge and opened new eras in science. Most of them have already been published in Germany, and excited there, as they cannot fail to do here, the greatest attention; and already, in consequence of them, new professorships have been established in the Universities of Göttingen and Würzburg, for the express purpose of facilitating the application of chemical truths to the practical arts of life, and the bearing of chemistry upon physiology, medicine, and agriculture.

In contrasting the rapid progress of modern science with the slow and painful efforts of the ill-directed zeal of the early chemists, Dr. Liebig reminds us that much of this superiority is owing to the abundant and cheap supply of four substances—cork, platinum, glass, and caoutchouc; and still more to the employment of the balance—

"That incomparable instrument which gives permanence to every observation, dispels all ambiguity, establishes truth, detects error, and guides us in the true path of inductive science."

Having illustrated the universal importance of every discovery in chemistry by the variety of results to which it leads in the history of the manufacture of soda (Letter 3), and glanced at the practicability—or, in his opinion, impracticability—of magnetism as a moving power (Letter 4), and explained the beautifully simple truths of isomerism, or identity of composition in bodies with widely diverse chemical and physical properties, and its converse, isomerism, or similarity of properties in bodies totally different in composition (Letter 5), the learned and profound Professor devotes the remaining letters to the elucidation of the intimate alliance between chemistry and physiology.

He shews that oxygen, acting upon the elements of food, is the source of animal heat, and by the analysis of the blood the simple nature of the alimentary substances necessary for carnivorous animals, and by further analysis, that the constituents of the food of graminivorous animals are identical in composition with the chief constituents of blood; in a word, that animal fibrine and albumen in no respect differ from vegetable fibrine and albumen. Following out the line of inductive argument, he establishes that there is an incessant circulation of matter in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and that the improvement of agriculture, i.e. the increase of the quantity of food, depends entirely upon the restoration of the equilibrium in the soil.

Having withdrawn from the earth the mineral agents mixed with food of men and animals, but not serviceable as such, and always rejected in the form of excrements, or absorbed in the formation of bone, we must return to it precisely what we have taken, in order to keep the land in a state of equality, and thus, to improve its productive powers, we must add an increased quantity of these substances. The attention, therefore, of scientific men must be turned to the discovery of the proportions of these substances in the different crops, and it will be found that the results of empirical practice will have been successful or unsuccessful according to the degree in which this law of the restitution of the equilibrium, though unknown, has been obeyed.

The Professor thus states the ultimate state of agricultural science:—

"When we have exactly ascertained the quantity of ashes left after the combustion of cultivated plants, which have grown upon all varieties of soil, and have obtained correct analyses of these ashes, we shall learn with certainty which of the constituent elements of the plants are constant and which are changeable, and we shall arrive at an exact knowledge of the sum of all the ingredients we withdraw from the soil in the different crops."

"With this knowledge the farmer will be able to keep an exact record of the produce of his fields in harvest, like the account-book of a well-regulated manufactory; and then by a simple calculation he can determine precisely the substances he must supply to each field, and the quantity of these, in order to restore their fertility. He will be able to express, in pounds weight, how much of this or that element he must give to the soil in order to augment its fertility for any given kind of plants."

He finally throws out a hint that we have within our own country an immense supply of a substitute for bones, in the coproliths discovered by Dr. Buckland, in the neighbourhood of Clifton, and limestone marl of Lyme Regis. We commend his concluding paragraph to the attention of our readers, commercial, agricultural, or scientific:—

"If this limestone is burned and brought in that state to the fields, it must be a perfect substitute for

bones, the efficacy of which as a manure does not depend, as has been generally, but erroneously supposed, upon the nitrogenised matter which they contain, but on their phosphate of lime.

"The osseous breccia found in many parts of England deserves especial attention, as it is highly probable that in a short time it will become an important article of commerce.

"What a curious and interesting subject for contemplation! In the remains of an extinct animal world, England is to find the means of increasing her wealth in agricultural produce, as she has already found the great support of her manufacturing industry in fossil fuel,—the preserved matter of primeval forests,—the remains of a vegetable world. May this expectation be realised! and may her excellent population be thus redeemed from poverty and misery!"

Lee on Animal Magnetism, &c. 1843. Churchill.

MR. LEE is a medical man of some standing and reputation, who, being sceptical on the subject of Animal Magnetism, and ridiculing all its manifestations, was, after some entreaty, prevailed upon to witness that which he had believed to be an imposture. He was satisfied by the evidence of his senses, tested by the most careful scrutiny, that there was at least a germ of truth in the science; that there was no doubt that the state of somnambulism was actually produced; and that the patient in this state has some hitherto untraced means of communicating with the mind or will of the operator. But Mr. Lee does not appear to desire in this publication to put forth any hypothesis, but to make a candid and minute statement of what he witnessed, during a series of experiments at Paris in which he took part, and by the results of which he was made a convert to the fundamental doctrines of Mesmerism.

His narrative is so strange, that, but for Mr. Lee's character, we should be inclined to reject it at once as a fiction, or a dream, the tale of knavery or folly. But any thing proceeding from Mr. Lee cannot possibly savour of either of these. We cannot doubt that he relates what he saw, or thought he saw. If he was himself the subject of imposture, we cannot surmise. Yet how otherwise can we account for such miraculous doings as those, of which we now proceed to present an abridged account, recommending readers who may desire further information to the pages of the book under review.

STRANGE MESMERIC EXPERIMENTS.

"According to an appointment, I went on the 16th inst., accompanied by Dr. Davison, to No. 21, in the rue Neuve Coquenard, where about thirty persons of the upper and middle classes, among whom were three or four physicians, were assembled. The first somnambulist presented to the meeting, a young woman named Julie, was the person mentioned in the *Paris Globe* about a fortnight ago, as having at an evening assembly, described, among other things, to the astonishment of all present, a dissecting-room, with a subject upon the table, where the physician, *en rapport* with her, had that day been; and on being further questioned as to what peculiarity existed in the foot of the same gentleman, she mentioned that two of his toes had been adherent together from her birth, which was also true; the extract from the above paper having been published in the *Morning Herald* on the 3rd inst., the day on which I left London.

"I shall not, however, dwell upon the trials made upon Julie, beyond stating that she told a gentleman with whom she was placed in relation, in answer to his inquiries, that on his return home from a former *séance* he had occupied himself in the evening in magnetising a person at a distance, whom she subsequently said was herself; that although it did not affect her at the time, she now, on being again somnambulist, felt conscious of the circumstance. This statement was acknowledged by the gentleman to be true. On my being placed in relation with her, she said, before I spoke, that I came from a long way off; and on my producing a letter to ascertain whether she could read it, she said, before it was opened, that it was not signed; which was the case. She was, however, wrong in saying that it came from a lady, though the writing, being very small and fine, would have been taken for that of a lady by most persons. After some efforts, and carrying the letter to her forehead, the writing being reversed, she pronounced the two first words, but could not make out my name, which followed, and complained that the writing was too small. As the eyes, though closed, were not covered with a bandage, I expressed my dissatisfaction to the magnetiser at the result thus far. At a later period Dr. Davison drew from his pocket a number of the *Gazette des Hôpitaux*, of which I placed the title in contact with her occiput, and asked her to read the line. She complained of being fatigued by the previous questions of several of the company, but said she would try; and after re-

questing me to think of the words, said the first letter was a G. She could not, however, distinguish the others, and desired to be awakened. Now, as may be supposed, I had taken good care that she could not possibly have a glimpse of the paper, and if, for argument's sake, it be conceded that she had guessed the right letter, it must at least be allowed that the guess was a good one, when the chances were twenty-four to one against it. This result is, however, insignificant compared with those presented by the next subject, a young man about twenty years of age, of spare habit and intelligent countenance, named Alexis. This young man, on being magnetised, first presented the more ordinary phenomena of cataleptic rigidity, insensibility to pricking, &c. The arm was held out, at the same time both legs were rigidly extended at a right angle from the body, which was propelled forward from the chair upon pressing forcibly upon them. A heavy chair was supported upon the legs for some time, the state of rigidity being continued altogether for about twenty minutes, at the expiration of which period the limbs were restored to their natural pliability by the magnetiser, who then announced that Alexis was in a state of lucid somnambulism, and observed that he presented the peculiarity of hearing what was said by other persons than the one *en rapport* with him.

"After some of the visitors had questioned him, I placed myself in relation with him, and while holding his hand, gave him a card of Dr. Davison's, asking him to read it, the printed part being reversed and in contact with his hand; he carried it to his nose and forehead, and after some efforts mentioned the three first letters. I then desired that his eyes should be bandaged, and the magnetiser took from the drawer a piece of thick woolly padding, such as is used by tailors for padding of coats, about ten inches long and six broad, and offered it to any of the company to apply. I availed myself of the opportunity, and placed it over his closed eyes in such a manner that the lower edge came down nearly to the aperture of the nostrils; over this a folded handkerchief was tied firmly round the head, and it was then proposed that he should play *écarté* with any of the company. A gentleman accordingly offered himself, and two packs of cards (one with red, the other with green backs) were produced, and were used alternately every game. The somnambulist had, meanwhile, still continued his efforts to read Dr. Davison's card, which he at last accomplished, calling it, however, Davignon. While playing, he named the cards which he cut or played, followed the suit with correctness, and repeatedly mentioned the cards which his adversary held in his hand, saying at the beginning that he had won or lost, as the case might be, and was only mistaken two or three times. During one of the games a gentleman present, who had not witnessed any thing of the kind before, substituted his card for that of Dr. Davison's, which lay upon the table. The somnambulist was soon aware of the exchange, and, after touching the gentleman's hand, mentioned the first letter of the new one, though the name was in contact with the table, and was consequently unknown to the company.

"After requesting the owner of the card (Le Cte. de Belincourt) to think of his name, he said he would tell a letter after each deal. On pronouncing the two last letters of the second word, and winning at the same time a game, he said, *cela fait le compte*, thus punning upon the word; and at last succeeded in mentioning the name except the *de*, which he omitted. Another visiting card was likewise presented to him, which he read more quickly, as his lucidity appeared to increase. A lady then took the gentleman's place as his adversary, and the results were repeated during several games, to the satisfaction and astonishment of all present. On one occasion, after he had proposed, the lady dealt him four fresh cards, and while they lay with their faces upon the table, he said, without touching them, 'It is of no use playing—I have lost—they are only spades and diamonds.' I turned the cards up, and there were, in fact, two spades and two diamonds. During an intermission in the playing, I drew a card from the pack without looking at it myself, and asked him to name it; he said, 'It is a king;' but when I had ascertained that he was mistaken, he said, 'No, it is a ten,' which was true. I asked him which ten; he said, a black ten, and first mentioned the ten of clubs, whereas it was spades. I then folded down the number of the *Gazette des Hôpitaux*, and asked him to read a line in moderately large type. He first placed the paper upon his epigastrium, then to his forehead, and, holding my hand, said the first letter was an L, requesting me, at the same time, to think well of the words, which I did, and he pronounced them, *Lit de Nicole*, this being the heading of an advertisement. All the time of the card-playing the magnetiser was at a distance, and only approached when called upon by the somnambulist to support him according as he felt himself tired. These trials continued more than half an hour, when, complaining of the heat, he tore off the bandage.

"After he had reposed a little while near an open window, attempts were made to test his capabilities of describing the residences or friends of the persons who placed themselves *en rapport* with him; and al-

though he made several mistakes, and often corrected himself, his descriptions were acknowledged by the parties to be generally true, especially his account of the appearance and disposition of the father of one of the ladies, who was at Abbeville, and also that of the apartment of M. C., a physician, who placed himself *en rapport*; in whose ante-chamber he perceived, among other things, a skeleton, and stated its place with reference to other objects. He likewise described the sitting-room, as well as a picture suspended in it, in which last attempt, however, he had considerable difficulty, though he at last succeeded, placing himself in the attitude of the person represented, which was that of an eminent physician, whose name, he said, he saw beneath, though he could not read it. A name was admitted to be beneath the picture, but it was that of the painter. He could not for a long time state what was in the hand, and first said it was something round, a skull: after several efforts, he exclaimed, 'Ah! he has something in both hands, and that is what confuses me; something round in the left hand, and something long in the right.' It was then stated by the gentleman that the portrait was depicted holding a heart in his left hand, and demonstrating it with an instrument in his right.

"Although there was no reason to doubt the good faith of this gentleman any more than that of others of the company, who had put questions to him, and had been satisfied with the exactness of his answers, I had not come merely to see what should be done by others, and accordingly placed myself again in relation with him, upon which he complained, as he had likewise done while his eyes were bandaged, of being annoyed by the white and blue stones on my breast, meaning the pins in my cravat, which were pearls set in blue enamel. I asked him to describe my apartment, which, after having been told the street, he proceeded to do, saying at first it was upon the third floor. I requested him to tell me the number, upon which he counted slowly up to seven, at which he stopped, and then said, 'How stupid I am—it is not so much—it is No. 1,' which was perfectly correct, this apartment being on the ground floor, to which I had only moved a few days before from No. 7, on the third floor. He then described the apartment with tolerable accuracy, making, however, two or three mistakes; such as saying at first that the bed was on the right on entering, and the windows on the left, though he speedily corrected himself, and reversed their position, which was the right one. He likewise stated the position of the *secrétaire*, but said it was open, which was not the case. He mentioned, however, most of the peculiarities without being questioned. For instance, he said there were two rooms, that the smaller was reached by passing through the larger one; that there was a very small passage before entering the larger room from the court; that this room contained the bed and two windows, though, when asked, he did not state correctly the position of the fireplace with respect to the windows. He said the smaller room had but one window, that he saw in it a toilette table, and a large black trunk, which was also true, the trunk having been left there by the former occupant of the apartment, and that there was a sort of passage between the two rooms.

"While describing, he told me two or three times to think well of the apartment, as he had done with respect to the line which I had previously asked him to read. He moreover said that I had left something on the night-table, close to the bed, and on my stating that I was not aware of having done so, repeated with decision that he saw something, he thought it was some paper. As I could not fail to be struck with his accuracy in other points of the description, I was curious on arriving at home to see whether there was in fact any thing upon the night-table, to which my first look was directed on entering, and on the marble slab which forms its top, there lay a large piece of the end of the white bed-curtain, which usually hangs by its side, and which I had never before observed to be there.

"While describing, he was very positive upon some points, sometimes contradicting the person when told he was wrong; upon some other points he was not equally positive, and corrected himself. For example, having mentioned that there was a well to the right of the house of a gentleman *en rapport* with him, he was contradicted, but persisted in his assertion, upon which the gentleman's wife said the somnambulist was correct, that the well was to the right on coming from the house; on the husband making some reply, the slight altercation was terminated by the somnambulist saying that the well lay north of the house, in which both husband and wife agreed.

"The card-playing was carried on throughout with a quickness which could not have been exceeded by an expert player, and though he now and then made a slight mistake, such as taking one court card for another, he did not once revoke, but led off the proper cards, followed his adversary's suit with precision, and generally after the first or second card had been played, he told whether he had gained or lost the other tricks, mentioning the cards in his adversary's hand; and once, when some of the red cards got mixed with the green ones, he sorted them out without any hesitation.

"Two days afterwards I again saw him, at first alone with the magnetiser, who proposed to magnetise him, in order to make some further trials on his clairvoyance and intuition. He at first objected, stating that he did not then feel well disposed, but yielded to the request. After I had applied the cotton and bandage to the eyes, I drew a paper from my pocket, on which were some printed characters in moderately large type. He made out in a little while the larger word, *magnatisme*, but had more difficulty in deciphering the rest, which, however, he at length accomplished, '*Traitement des Maladies par le Magnetisme*' being the words. I then opened the book, and gave him the heading of a chapter to read, three other people having meanwhile come in. He made out the words, *Des Lotteries Allemandes*, sooner than he had done the previous ones. The magnetiser then proposed that he should describe some distinct locality, of which I should think. I mentioned my apartments in London, of which the somnambulist proceeded to attempt the description, and was correct in some points, such as that the house was in a street which opened into a very wide street or road; that they were on the ground floor, the staircase being continued beyond; that the entrance to the sitting-room was to the left of the passage, and at the further end of the room; that there were two windows, and the fire-place was to the right in entering; that there was only one window in the bed-room. In the more minute details, however, he was frequently at fault."

These experiments, and many others, were, it seems, tried in the presence of large assemblies of persons, comprising the most eminent medical men and men of science in Paris.

If there be any truth whatever in such performances, they can be explained only thus, and by the bye we have never seen this explanation offered. Can it be original?

It is, that in the magnetic or somnambulist state the patient has power, through some medium hitherto unknown, of reading the mind of the operator. If this be so, the miracles of clairvoyance—seeing with the eyes shut, describing the dead and distant, and places never seen by the patient—are explicable thus; he sees, not the things and persons as they exist in fact, but as they are imaged on the mind of the operator. This would account for every phenomenon hitherto observed, and for the general correctness but not unfrequent errors of the patients. The operator has a dim, imperfect, or erroneous image in his mind when he asks a question, and consequently that image is read dimly, imperfectly, and erroneously by the patient.

If the entire story be not a fable, this, or something like it, will be its rational explication. But whether it be an imposture, or to what extent, we will not pretend to say, because we have not paid to the evidence on both sides a sufficient consideration. Of this, however, we are certain, that a fair hearing should be given to both sides. The history of science should teach us humility, not to reject any alleged discovery, because it appears wonderful, or even miraculous. If it be true, it is not a miracle, for it is in the ordinary course of nature, although human blindness has failed hitherto to discern it. It was deemed a miracle that the earth should roll round the sun, contrary, as it was supposed, to the evidence of the senses; nevertheless, when investigated, the laws that rule the day were found to be as regular and consistent with the order of creation as other natural laws, and men ceased to deem the earth's motion a miracle, or to disbelieve it. In this, as in all science, the single question for the inquirer is, "What is the fact?" He must not regard its supposed consequences or its imagined opposition to something else that he has been wont to deem fact. As he continues his researches these discrepancies will disappear, for nature is all harmony and consistency with herself. And with such views should be read, not only Mr. Lee's book, but every book on either side of this question, whose importance, whether to be affirmed or overthrown, it would be difficult to over-estimate.

An Easy Introduction to Chemistry. By GEORGE SPARKES, late Madras Civil Service. 12mo, pp. 88. London, Whittaker and Co.

The purpose of this little volume is to convey an elementary knowledge of chemistry to those who approach it in almost entire ignorance of the principles of the science, and to do this by the aid of experiments, selected with a view to cheapness, facility, and effect. Mr. Sparkes has sought successfully to obviate the three objections usually made to the study of chemistry, namely, that it is difficult,

dangerous, and expensive: the difficulty being overcome by the simple and intelligible manner in which he narrates its mysteries; the danger, by the choice of experiments, which a child may be intrusted with; and the expense, by an apparatus, the entire cost of which does not exceed a guinea.

The volume is a condensed statement of the most prominent facts ascertained by investigators, and as a specimen of the manner in which this is accomplished, and as interesting in itself, we take the sixteenth chapter on some of the

VEGETABLE SUBSTANCES.

"This chapter will be devoted to the consideration of the remaining most important proximate principles of the vegetable kingdom.

"India-rubber, or caoutchouc, exudes from several trees as a milky fluid, which dries into the substance as we usually see it. Dissolved in ether or naphtha, and spread on cloth, it renders it impervious both to air and water, and hence is used in making air cushions, Mackintosh cloaks, &c.

"Bark, galls, and many other vegetable bodies, contain a large quantity of an astringent principle which cannot be readily obtained in a pure state, but to which the name of Tannin has been given. This substance unites with animal gelatine, and forms an insoluble compound; hence skins, dipped into a solution of oak bark, become hardened and converted into leather.

"The infusion of galls causes a precipitate in most metallic solutions. With the ordinary salts of iron it strikes a black colour, which arises from the tannin, and perhaps gallic acid also, combining with the metal. It is from the same cause that a knife becomes black after cutting an apple. The tannogallate of iron, as this combination is termed, forms the basis of writing ink, for which Brande's receipt, which I find very good, is as follows:—Take Aleppo galls bruised six ounces, sulphate of iron four ounces, gum arabic ditto, corrosive sublimate six grains, water six pints. Boil the galls in the water, and add the other ingredients, keeping them two months in a glass, or wooden vessel, shaken occasionally. Logwood, which is usually added to ink, does not improve it.

"Ink made as above will be tolerably permanent if the paper be good, and not bleached by excess of chlorine, but all inks, whose composition is analogous to the above, are gradually decomposed by the air, and little is left but the red oxide of iron. In the ordinary transactions of life this is of little moment, but in preparing documents which are to last for ages, it is of the utmost importance to employ a fluid indestructible by time. The ink used by the ancients, and still preferred by Oriental nations, consists of lamp black suspended in water either by gum or glue. No substance can be conceived more permanent than this, but it is unfortunately too thick to flow readily from the pen. Hitherto all attempts to combine the permanency of carbon with the fluidity of modern writing ink have failed. Printer's ink is a mixture of lamp black and linseed oil, and as it is not affected by chlorine, writing may be removed from a book by that agent, without injuring the printed part.

"The next substance we shall notice is the Colouring Principle of vegetables. United with alumina it forms the various lakes. To make these, alum is added to a coloured vegetable solution and decomposed by an alkali. When cloth is dipped into a liquid containing any vegetable colour, it unites with it and becomes dyed, but the union is in most cases so slight as to be of no practical utility. In order to make the combination permanent, it is necessary to interpose some substance termed a mordant, which has an affinity both for the cloth and the colour. Acetate of alumina, acetate of iron, and protomuriate of tin, are the salts most usually employed for this purpose.

"The permanent dye called Turkey red is yielded by madder root. Brazil wood and logwood give reddish solutions, which in combination with alum and gum form red ink. They are often used in colouring Bordeaux wines, which accounts for the taste of inferior claret resembling red ink. The chief use of logwood is in the production of a black dye in combination with iron. The root of the alkanet yields no colour to water, but tinges wax and oils of a deep red, and is used in making lip-salve and perfumed red oils. Spirituous tinctures are generally coloured with shavings of red sandal wood. To the above list we may add a most important substance derived from the animal kingdom, viz., cochineal. This is a dried insect which, when powdered, yields a brilliant colour both to water and to alcohol. It is the basis of carmine. A solution of it in weak ammonia forms a beautiful red ink. Fixed on woollen cloth, by nitromuriate of tin and tartar, it dyes scarlet. To give a pink tinge to confectionary, cochineal and beetroot are useful and harmless.

"For yellows, the substances usually employed in dyeing cloth are the quercitron and fustic barks, and dyer's weed; in colouring cheese and butter, annatto, which is a powder enveloping the seeds of the bixa. Turmeric and saffron are the yellows of cookery.

"Of blues, litmus, so useful to the chemist, is obtained from an infusion of archil, a species of lichen. For dyeing purposes, the chief colour is indigo, a substance of a very peculiar nature, and differing in many respects from all other vegetable blues. It exists in the various species of indigofera. It dissolves in sulphuric acid without being reddened, and the solution, termed Saxon blue, gives a permanent colour both to cloth and silk. Blue writing ink is a fluid of this nature. The colour of indigo is destroyed by chlorine.

"The next vegetable substance to be noted is Tar, which is obtained by the action of fire upon resinous woods. When procured from coal it is called Mineral tar. By distillation and other processes tar yields a white pungent liquid called Kreosote, which is a powerful preserver of animal substances, and to the presence of which the antiseptic qualities of wood-smoke may be attributed. Placed on the skin, it is highly stimulant, and a few drops of the following mixture cautiously applied to the tooth and gums will alleviate, even where it fails to cure, the toothache. To half a drachm of kreosote add half a drachm of strong liquid ammonia, two drachms of laudanum, and a drachm of spirits of camphor.

"The following substances, in addition to the usual constituents of vegetables, viz., oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, are found to contain nitrogen also.

"Gluten exists in wheat in combination with another principle, which has been termed Vegetable Albumen. When flour is kneaded in water so as to separate the starch, the viscid and tenacious residue consists of these two substances. It is the abundance of gluten that renders wheaten bread so far superior to any other, and the excellence of the Italian macaroni has been attributed to the wheat of that country containing a peculiarly large proportion of this substance. Yeast consists chiefly of gluten.

Alkaloids.—Great pains have been taken in analyzing those vegetables which exert a powerful influence upon the human frame, and in most cases we have succeeded in obtaining in a separate form the peculiar principle to which their energy is owing. Many of these substances convert vegetable blues to green, dissolve in acids, and yield neutral salts on evaporation, and their similarity in these respects to the alkalis has induced chemists to term them Alkaloids. The chief of the mare Quinia or Quinine, the active principle of Peruvian bark, and Morphia, the narcotic principle of opium. The former is chiefly employed as a sulphate, the latter as a muriate or an acetate."

EDUCATION.

Lepage's French School. Part I. Echo de Paris. 6th edition. E. Wilson. 1843.

A FOREIGN language can be learned perfectly for colloquial purposes only by residence in the country, or at home by habitual converse in that language with a native. But exercises in books, though they will not accomplish all that is desired, do this service,—they lay a firm foundation upon which a knowledge of the language is speedily erected when the opportunity offers. To this end Ollendorf's is decidedly the best system we have seen. But the work before us will be found useful enough, for it is a series of exercises framed to introduce the principal conversational phrases and idioms, with an Index to the words and their meanings. Altogether it is one of the most useful works of its class, and the public has already stamped approval upon it, for it is in its sixth edition.

Select Poetry for Children; with Explanatory Notes. Arranged for the Use of Schools and Families. By JOSEPH PAYNE. 3rd edition, 18mo., pp. 294. Relfe and Fletcher, 1843.

RARE books are good collections of poetry, and of such the most rare is a good child's book. The reason is, that selectors will not forget themselves, but choose that which pleases their own matured tastes, without asking what it is that wins the ear of childhood.

The editor of the little volume on our table has avoided this error. He tells us in his preface that he had first inquired what sort of poetry is that with which children can sympathise. The author of "Home Education" informed him that it was that which, "with a bright descriptive brevity, brings the familiar aspects of the visible world before the fancy; and that also which is simply and briskly narrative, and which is enlivened by turns of humour, and deepened by just moral sentiments, and especially by touches of pity." This we deem to be almost strictly correct, and a volume of poetry selected with such a definition of his needs full

in the editor's mind can scarcely fail to be a valuable boon to the teacher, whether parent or master. Indeed it is impossible to turn over the pages of this neatly printed little volume without perceiving that good sense, as well as good taste, has presided at its formation. The materials have been gathered from a great variety of sources, and the list of contents exhibits the names of all the best British poets, past and present. The subjects are as varied as the works from which they are borrowed, and we can with great confidence recommend this volume to parents and teachers who desire (and who does not?) to imbue the young minds committed to their charge with the spirit of virtue which inspires all poetry that is truly good.

Pounds, Shillings, and Pence; or, a Series of Money Calculations on a novel System; illustrated by Examples, &c. &c. By T. MARTIN, Accountant. 5th edition. London: Simpkin and Co. 1843.

It will be allowed on all hands that no method of arithmetic can be worse than that which has hitherto prevailed at our schools, and the tediousness and obscurity of which has been embodied in the school-boy rhyme:—

"Multiplication is vexation, &c. &c."

Therefore is any attempt to substitute a more rational method to be applauded; and if that attempt have been so well received that, within little more than a twelvemonth, five thousand copies of it have been sold, a strong presumption arises that practically, as well as theoretically, Mr. Martin has succeeded in teaching people of all ages how to deal with the arithmetic of pounds, shillings, and pence, in less than half the time required by the old form of ciphering, and, for the most part, by means of mental calculation alone.

We must confess ourselves to want the patience necessary to try the plans propounded by Mr. Martin, and to test the accuracy of his figures; but presuming, as we fairly may, their correctness, the sums are undoubtedly very much shorter than those with which we used to cover our slates at school, in order to arrive at the same results. The rules are put in language the most plain and intelligible, and the illustrations are set beside them, so that the application is seen as we read. The size of the volume is convenient for the counting-house, and the price places it within the reach of every school-room. In both of these localities it will be found of great utility.

Double Entry Elucidated; an improved Method of teaching Book-keeping. By B. F. FOSTER, Author of Elementary Copy-books, &c. In 4 parts. London, 1843. Souter and Law.

This is one of the most useful, because one of the most practical, publications of its class that we have seen. The importance of good methods of book-keeping, not only to the merchant, but to all who have accounts of any kind, can only be understood by those who have experienced the losses and inconveniences that result from neglect or ignorance. Mr. Foster has left to parents and teachers no excuse for educating children without knowledge of an art which in after life they will find so continually in request, for in the work named above he has succeeded in teaching it by a method so simple and perspicuous, that the dullest will readily acquire it. This ingenious method is conveyed in four parts, copy-book size, and of very trifling cost. The first part contains the theory of double entry, illustrates the technicalities of the journal, gives a description of the subsidiary books used in practice, and an exemplification of monthly journalising. Part 2 comprises an analysis of the ledger, with practical exercises for the slate, exhibiting by example the principles described in the first part. Part 3, in like manner, shews the transactions of trade, and gives plain instructions for journalising. At this point the student is required to construct a journal for himself, to post the items into the ledger, and balance the books. The fourth and last part contains the journal and ledger of the transactions in Part 3, and a key to the initiatory exercises in Part 2, with explanatory remarks. From this brief description it will be seen that Mr. Foster's publication is a really valuable contribution to the school library.

FICTION.

Tales of the Colonies, or the Adventures of an Emigrant. By CHARLES ROWCROFT, a late Colonial Magistrate. In 3 vols. 2nd edition. London: Saunders and Otley. 1843.

THIS is one of those very rare productions—a genuine book. Mr. Rowcroft has described in unaffected language the results of his own experience: the scenes he paints he has beheld with his own eyes: the manners and society he sketches he has mingled with familiarly, and there is an air of truth in his narrative that impresses the reader with as much confidence in the veracity as respect for the abilities of the author.

Mr. Rowcroft has done an injustice to himself and to these delightful volumes by the title he has affixed to them. "*Tales of the Colonies*" were necessarily to be classed among works of fiction, but we have felt very doubtful whether we should not, in despite of the title page, transfer them to another division of our journal. So far from being a fiction, we never read a book bearing more strongly the impress of reality; it is stuffed with information relating to colonial life; it is calculated to be of essential service to emigrants, but its value will, we fear, fail to be appreciated, because, appearing in the form of a novel, the public will doubt how much of it is fact, and how much fiction.

But it is for the sake of those who seek information on the subjects it handles, and not for the author's sake, that we lament the shape in which he has chosen to present his stores of experience to the world. Mr. Rowcroft, or his publisher, has, doubtless, acted judiciously, viewing it as a question of emolument, thus to attract readers to a work which, advertised as avowedly a book of instruction, might not improbably have met with undeserved neglect. In its present shape, and with its attractive name, it has won many a reader who sought for amusement alone, and who, finding himself agreeably surprised into instruction so pleasantly conveyed, instead of throwing down the volume in a pet, is fascinated with its lively narratives, goes onward, page after page, and, when he has concluded, confesses that he would not have reaped one-half the amusement from the romance he had expected as he had gathered from the instruction he had lighted upon so unexpectedly.

Seldom, indeed, have we read a book written in a more agreeable style. There is no affectation of fine writing, no straining after effect, no convulsive melodramatic incident. The adventures and anecdotes are such as might be supposed to happen to men in the ordinary course of nature; the human characters introduced are just such as one meets with in the actual world; they come and go in the ordinary way, and not necessarily at moments when they are most wanted, and their presence is most improbable. The dialogues are short and spirited, as is conversation in real life, nor do the personages here talk speeches, improvise poetry, or preach *extempore*. These are some of Mr. Rowcroft's merits as an author, and they will cause another work, truly of fiction, from his pen to be looked for with some interest.

But we must deal with the *Tales of the Colonies* as we find them, and his own account of his design will best convey it to our readers.

These tales were collected, he says, "with the view of describing the progress of settling in a new country; of the precaution to be taken; of the foresight to be exercised; of the early difficulties to be overcome; and of the sure reward which awaits the prudent and industrious colonist." In the introduction from which this passage is taken, Mr. Rowcroft truthfully describes the condition of "the uneasy class" at home, the class struggling to maintain for growing families the same position in the world which their fathers held, with the awful fight for existence which an intense competition has produced; and turning from this painful picture, he proceeds to paint the easy and abundant life of an emigrant in the colonies who is willing to work, to whom a family is a means of wealth and joy, whose labours never fail to be rewarded, and who can go to his sleep at night without one care for the provision of the morrow. But well knowing the grievous errors committed by English emigrants who embark for a colony expecting to live without labour, to grow rich in money, and to enjoy the luxuries of the wealthy of the land they have left, and who are disappointed, and return grumbling

because they find that all they could obtain in the place of promise was the certainty of abundance of the necessities of life, food, clothing, and shelter, with few of its luxuries, Mr. Rowcroft proceeds in these tales to describe emigrant life precisely as it is, with all its advantages and inconveniences, so that there will be no excuse for any person who can procure his volumes henceforth to complain of deception in the prospects held to out him from the other side of the equator.

Van Diemen's Land is the colony in which is laid the scene of these narratives.

These volumes contain "*The Settler's Journal*," which details, in homely language, "the actual progress, day by day from the beginning, of the establishment of a colonist's farm;" the emigrant being one Mr. William Thornley.

This gentleman was, it seems, a Surrey farmer, or rather half farmer, or gentleman farmer, as he is called in the West, who, finding that he cannot live at home, turns his thoughts to the colonies. Having determined upon Van Diemen's Land for his new home, he embarks, arrives, has an interview with the Governor, and obtains a grant of land.

The farm lay some distance up the country, and his journey thither is most agreeably told. On his way he meets with a strange being, who subsequently figures prominently in the narrative, and whose peculiarities invest him with an interest such as we have seldom felt for any character of fiction since the magic wand of Scott was broken.

We cannot do better than extract, as a specimen of the manner of Mr. Rowcroft, his introduction to this singular personage.

MEETING A SETTLER.

"As I cast my eyes about, I spied a rough-looking man seated on the ground at a little distance from the road, near a little rocky mount, drinking water from a spring which oozed over the shelf of a little platform of stone. Thought I, this is not one of your rum drinkers, as he is soaking in the pure element with such gusto; but he's a queer-looking chap too. It was the first of the species that I had occasion closely to observe, so I may as well describe him.

"His feet were enveloped in a pair of old moccasins made out of a sheep's-skin, with the wool outside, but much worn, it seemed with travel. His legs were bare. A pair of very old knee-breeches, which once had buttons and strings, but which now had none, encased his nether person. The principal part of his dress was a frock-coat of kangaroo-skin, or rather of many skins, dried with the hair on, and presenting acurious variety of shade, from wear and dirt. On his head he wore a hat, if hat it could be called, which once seemingly was black, but now was of no particular colour, the crown whereof was ingeniously fastened to the body with the fibres of the stringy bark tree, albeit that it permitted to peep forth the ragged ends of some dry native grass, which its owner had thrust within it (seeing that it was too large, not having been originally made for him), to maintain it in a becoming and convenient position. A grizzly beard, of a fortnight's growth, gave a finish to his ferocious appearance. I surveyed this hairy individual with much curiosity, as I advanced towards him, and with some mistrust, for there were bush-rangers abroad, and although this was not a likely place to meet with them, I was strange to the country, and thought it best to be on my guard. I kept my hand therefore convenient to the lock of my piece, with the muzzle before me, careless like, but quite ready. My precaution, however, did not escape the observation of the kangaroo man, who now turning his face to me, and looking up, said, in a country-like tone:

"You needn't be afeared o' me, Master. If you want water, come and drink. Thank God, there is water in the country, plenty and sweet enough—except where it's brackish. Drink (seeing that I hesitated), well—I'll go farther off; no wonder perhaps you're timid a bit.—If you'd a gone through what I've gone through in this wretched country, you'd have reason enough for it."

"There was something about the man's manner and about his face, too, though the sourest-looking I ever saw, that made me feel there was no harm in him, so I stooped down and had the most delicious draught I think I ever tasted. I had learnt the value of water by my long voyage from England, but I think I never, even as a schoolboy, enjoyed a drink of water so much before. This mutual draught from the same fountain established at once a sort of companionship between me and the man of skins, and we sat down together by the side of the spring.

"I could not help gazing at my new acquaintance with a sort of wonder, and thinking in my own mind that he formed a queer figure in the foreground of the arcanian scenery of the new country.

"You look at me."

"I can't help it," said I: "I don't mean any

offence, but pray, do all the people in this country dress in your style? I don't mean to say that it is not a very proper dress, and (fearing to anger him) very becoming and suitable to the country; but I only arrived a fortnight since, and every thing seems strange to me."

"Not stranger than it does to me," said the man. "How do you think I came by this dress, as you call it? Well, you needn't guess, I'll tell you—I'm dressed by voluntary contribution."

"Voluntary contribution! How's that?"

"Why, you see, about ten days ago I was met by the bushrangers on the other side of the island, and they stripped me of every thing."

"The devil they did," said I, and I clapped my hand on my gun.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid; there's none on 'em here, and I hope you won't meet any in this horrible country. Lord forgive me—I wish I was well out of it. Fool that I was to leave my old master in Shropshire to come out here to get land of my own. Ah, well—go farther and fare worse. These rascals, these bushrangers, took every individual thing I had about me, and kept me for three days to carry their baggage for them. The one that took my coat—and a prime velvet one it was, with plenty of pockets—chucked his kangaroo skin jacket to me; 'here, my hearty,' says he, 'is something to remember us by. You can't say we haven't treated you well, for you have shared of the best with us, and we have shewn you all the country.' These moccasins I got at a stock-keeper's hut, who let me fit the sheep-skin warm to my feet, and they were comfortable enough at first, but now they are dry, they get unpleasant. But it's not long that I'll wear 'em, for I'll go back home again to England, if I have to work my passage. Heaven send that I was out of this horrible place! I do really think it was made before the other countries were begun, and found not to answer. There is nothing in it like anything anywhere else, and, what's worse, there's nothing in it to eat."

"Nothing to eat! that's a bad job; how do people subsist, then?"

"Oh! I don't mean there's nothing to eat exactly; though I don't know what one can get all over the country but mutton chops and dampers; but I mean that the country furnishes nothing of itself—no animals, no fruits, no roots. Now, I thought before I came here, there must be plenty of fruit in a warm climate; but, bless your heart, you may look a long time in the woods for anything to eat, I can tell you. The only thing like a fruit that I've ever seen, is a cherry wrong-made, with the stone growing outside. I did eat a lot of them one day when I was hard run, as I observed the birds eat 'em, and a pretty curmuring they produced in my inside; but that's neither here nor there. What I say is this: this is the worst country and the most dreadful place that ever man was in, and all I wish is that I was out of it."

But Mr. Crab is a growler by nature; he is one of those men who will look only at the dark side of every thing, and he serves this excellent purpose in the narrative, that he enables the author to present all that can be said in disparagement of the country, and to contrast this report of it with the results of his own experience.

If we were to cite all the passages we have pencilled as deserving special notice, we should fill an entire number of the CRITIC. We must, therefore, paying due regard to space, content ourselves with another extract, and it is so truly unique, so entirely colonial in its adventure, and so excellently well done in its description, that of itself it will recommend the *Tales of the Colonies* to every reader.

HOW TO MILK A WILD COW.

"In the meantime the tumult increased, and the shouts of men and the cracking of whips drawing nearer and nearer betokened a speedy catastrophe. My kangaroo-kin friend seemed to regard with a sort of scornful glee the hurly-burly around us. His sour visage became puckered up into a knotty contenance, expressive of the most intense disdain, coupled with a secret satisfaction. 'Now,' said he, 'master, you'll see how they manage some matters in this beautiful country.'"

"What can the matter be?" said I.

"As I pronounced these words, a sudden crash of dead boughs and dry bushes at no great distance from us excited in me apprehension of danger. Instinctively I turned to the quarter whence the threatening sounds proceeded, and stood ready with my fowling-piece against accidents. I saw my friend Crab give a grim smile at this movement, as I was inclined to do myself, had I not been, I must confess, rather frightened; for at this moment I beheld a mad bull, as it seemed to me, making right to the spot where we stood. The animal appeared to be in a state of the most intense excitement, with its mouth covered with foam, its nostrils dilated, eyes wild, and its tail twisted into that cork-screw figure indicative of a disposition to mischief. I jumped aside as the creature made a plunge at me, glad enough to escape."

"It is a mad cow," said I. "I suppose this

climate makes cattle very savage when they get worried?"

"Not madder than the people that are after her," said Crab; "however, wait a bit till you see the end of it."

"By this time we were in the midst of the crowd which was chasing the cow, but I could not yet divine their particular object."

"What do you want to do with her?" said I to a tall thin man who had ceased for a moment to crack his whip; "she seems terribly wild."

"Wild!" said he, "the brute is always wild, but she's one of the best milkers I've got, and have her in the stockyard I will this blessed evening, if I raise all New Norfolk for it."

"I shall be glad to lend a hand," said I, "but I'm not used to the ways of the country yet, and perhaps I might do harm instead of good."

"But my aid was not wanted on this occasion, for at this moment a general shout in the distance proclaimed that the victory was won. I and Crab, with the tall thin man, the proprietor of the vivacious cow, immediately set off at a rapid pace for the scene of triumph. There were about thirty people assembled, among whom were one or two women. I observed that some of the men were provided with ropes made of bullock's hide twisted together, of great strength. I was still puzzled to know what was intended by all these preparations. Presently a farming man appeared, with a tin pannikin of a half-pint measure, and a stool with one leg. The stool with one leg looked like a design to milk the animal, but what the tin pannikin was for was a mystery to me. Had there been a milk-pail, I should have made out their object at once; but this piece of machinery was as yet but little known in the colony. I continued to watch the proceedings with great interest, when presently a man advanced with a stoutish long stick, or small pole with a hide-rope forming a large loop at the end of it; the other part of the rope he held in one hand in a coil. Climbing over the rails of the stock-yard, which were formed of the solid trunks of trees placed lengthways, about six feet high, he stood within the space. The cow eyed him as if she was used to the game, and without waiting to be attacked, made a dart at him furiously. This did not disconcert the man with the pole and loop, who, stepping aside with the most perfect coolness and with infinite agility, let the animal knock her head against the rails, which she did with a force that made the massive pile tremble. This process was repeated several times, to the great amusement of the spectators, some of whom applauded the pole-bearer's nimbleness, while others were inclined to back the cow."

"That was a near go," said one, as the beast made a sudden plunge at her tormentor, tearing off with her horn a portion of his jacket; "she'll pin you presently, Jen."

"Never fear," said Jen; "a miss is as good as a mile. She is the most cantankerous varmint I ever see'd: but I'll have her yet."

"What are you going to do," said I; "kill her?"

"Kill her!" exclaimed my tall friend; "what! kill the best, the nicest, and sweetest-tempered creature of the whole herd: she's so tame, she'll almost let you pat her, only she doesn't like to be milked; that always puts her out. Now for it, Jenmy, that's the way; haul in quick, keep it up—don't slack—hold her tight, now we've got her. Where's the foot rope?"

"Watching his opportunity, the man with the pole had succeeded in throwing the loop over the animal's horns, and two or three men on the outside of the yard, quickly gathering in the end of it, hauled it taut, as seamen do a cable in getting up the anchor, round the thick stump of a tree. I looked at Crab at this stage of the proceedings, and I admired the expression of scornful enjoyment which his sour face exhibited. He gave me a glance which said, without the necessity of words, 'This is the way they milk a cow in this country.' The cow, however, was not milked yet; to arrive at that conclusion, some further step was necessary. The animal was now standing with its legs firmly planted before it, its neck elongated, its tongue hanging out of its mouth, and kicking with its hind legs continuously. These refractory members were now secured by a loop, into which they were dexterously insinuated, and half a dozen men catching up the end, hauled it out, and kept it on the stretch, to prevent her from plunging about. The creature, it seems, was now in a correct posture to be milked. Crab gave me another look."

"The man with the one-legged stool and pannikin now advanced, speaking soothingly to the animal to be operated on, and using much ceremony and caution in his approach. Seizing a favourable opportunity, he contrived to squeeze a few drops of milk into his pannikin; but the sensitive cow, outraged, it seemed, at the indignity on her person, gave a sudden plunge, which upset the heel-rope holders, and, recovering her legs, she kicked man, stool, and pannikin over and over. Shouts of laughter proclaimed the amusement of the bystanders, and numerous were the gibes and jeers lavished on the occasion. And now, the pride of the stockmen being

roused, and their honour piqued by the presence, besides, of two strangers, the witnesses of their manœuvres, they set to again to manacle the almost-spent animal; and he of the pannikin, discarding the stool as a womanly incumbrance, boldly kneeling down, with the determination of a hero, and undaunted by the moanings and writhings of his victim, contrived to exude from her about half a pint of milk. This triumph achieved, the cow was set at liberty, the poles of the gateway were withdrawn, and the animal bounded into the bush."

"Well, master," said Crab, "did you ever see a cow milked that way before?"

"Surely," said I, "they might manage better than this."

"Ah!" said Crab, "this would be a tale to tell in Shropshire. It's worth while to go back, only to tell this much."

This will be admitted by every body to be very agreeable writing, and it is a fair specimen of the work from which it is taken. Being such, our readers will not need any recommendation from us to order it in their book clubs, or to send for it from their circulating libraries.

The Huttled Knoll, a Romance, in 3 vols. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. London, 1843.

HERE we have Cooper once more in the prairies and forests of his native land, recalling the scenes that delighted us in *The Last of the Mohicans*, and even introducing us again to the old Trapper, who has figured in so many of his fictions, and whom we have always welcomed as a familiar friend. This latest production of Cooper's pen is marked by all his faults and excellencies: the faults being, an unartistic plot, prosy dialogues, and tedious particularity of detail; the excellencies, vivid descriptions of scenery, enthusiastic devotion to his task, keen perception of character, and judicious use of melodramatic effect. *The Huttled Knoll* is a tale of the revolution; the theme, a narrative of the adventures of a British officer, who comes to settle in the backwoods near the Susquehanna, with a family, comprising his wife, his daughter, and a girl whom he had adopted—his son being absent in the army. When the disturbances commenced, he rudely fortified *the Huttled Knoll*, as his clearing was called, and the doings of the little colony, thus gathered together, form the nucleus of the narrative and the main incidents of the story. Within this entrenchment are found various personages, as descendants of Dutch parentage, a Scotchman, an Irishman, a red Indian, two negroes, and some men of Connecticut. These differing characters are sketched with singular vividness, and evidently from familiar observation of their several peculiarities. We will not mar the reader's pleasure of perusal by anticipating more of the story, but we have stated enough of the material out of which it is framed to shew that there is an abundant field for the novelist, which the author has not neglected. As this is a book which all who ever read novels may safely order at their circulating libraries, we will not do more than select a few noteworthy passages, interesting in themselves, the extraction of which will not mar the pleasure of the story.

This is a picture of

AMERICAN SCENERY.

"There is a wide-spread error on the subject of American scenery. From the size of the lakes, the length and breadth of the rivers, the vast solitudes of the forests, and the seemingly boundless expanse of the prairies, the world has come to attach to it an idea of grandeur—a word that is in nearly every case misapplied. The scenery of that portion of the American continent which has fallen to the share of the Anglo-Saxon race very seldom rises to a scale that merits this term; when it does, it is more owing to the accessories, as in the case of the interminable woods, than to the natural face of the country. To him who is accustomed to the terrific sublimity of the Alps, the softened and yet wild grandeur of the Italian lakes, or to the noble witchery of the shores of the Mediterranean, this country is apt to seem tame and uninteresting as a whole; though it certainly has exceptions that carry charms of this nature to the verge of loveliness."

"Of the latter character is the face of most of that region which lies in the angle formed by the junction of the Mohawk with the Hudson, extending as far south, or even farther than the line of Pennsylvania, and west to the verge of that vast rolling plain which composes Western New York. This is a region of more than ten thousand square miles of surface, embracing to-day ten counties at least, and supporting a rural population of nearly half a million of souls, excluding the river towns."

"All who have seen this district of country, and who are familiar with the elements of charming rather

thia grand scenery it possesses, are agreed in extolling its capabilities, and, in some instances, its realities. The want of high finish is common to every thing of this sort in America; and, perhaps, we may add, that the absence of picturesqueness, as connected with the works of man, is a general defect; still, this particular region, and all others resembling it—for they abound on the wide surface of the twenty six states—has beauties of its own, that it would be difficult to meet with in any of the older portions of the earth."

Here is a graphic sketch of two of the inmates of the colony:—

A CONNECTICUT MAN AND AN IRISHMAN.

"Among the labourers hired by the captain was a Connecticut man, of the name of Joel Stride, between whom and the County Leitrim man there had early commenced a warfare of tricks and petty annoyances; a warfare which was perfectly defensive on the part of O'Hearn, who did little more, in the way of retort, than comment on the long, lank, shapeless figure and sneagre countenance of his enemy. Joel had not been seen to smile since he engaged with the captain; though three times had he laughed outright, and each time at the occurrence of some mishap to Michael O'Hearn, the fruit of one of his own schemes of annoyance.

"On the present occasion, Joel, who had the distribution of such duty, placed Mike in a skiff by himself, flattering the poor fellow with the credit he would achieve by rowing the boat to the foot of the lake without assistance. He might as well have asked Mike to walk to the outlet on the surface of the water. This arrangement proceeded from an innate love of mischief in Joel, who had much of the quiet waggery, blended with many of the bad qualities, of the men of his peculiar class. A narrow and conceited selfishness lay at the root of the larger portion of this man's faults. As a physical being, he was a perfect labour-saving machine himself, bringing all the resources of a naturally quick and acute mind to bear on this one end,—never doing anything that required a particle more than the exertion and strength which were absolutely necessary to effect his object. He rowed the skiff in which the captain and his wife had embarked with his own hands; and, previously to starting, he had selected the best sculls from the other boats, had fitted his thwart with the closest attention to his own ease, and had placed a stretcher for his feet, with an intelligence and knowledge of mechanics that would have done credit to a Whitehall waterman. This much proceeded from the predominating principle of his nature, which was, always to have an eye on the interest of Joel Stride: though the effect happened, in this instance, to be beneficial to those he served.

"Michael O'Hearn, on the contrary, thought only of the end; and this so intensely, not to say vehemently, as generally to overlook the means. Frank, generous, self-devoted, and withal accustomed to get most things wrong-end foremost, he usually threw away twice the same labour, in effecting a given purpose, that was expended by the Yankee; doing the thing worse, too, besides losing twice the time. He never paused to think of this, however. The *musther's* boat was to be rowed to the other end of the lake; and, though he had never rowed a boat an inch in his life, he was ready and willing to undertake the job. "If a certain quantity of work will not do it," thought Mike, "I'll try as much agin; and the devil is in it if that won't sarve the purpose of that little bit of a job."

Another bit of American scenery will please those who may not have leisure or inclination to peruse the volumes. It is chiefly with a view to interest them that we make the selection. It is a description of

THE HUTTED KNOLL.

"Ten years are a century in the history of a perfectly new settlement. The changes they produce are even surprising, though in ordinary cases they do not suffice to erase the signs of a recent origin. The forest is opened, and the light of day admitted, it is true; but its remains are still to be seen in multitudes of unsightly stumps; dead standing trees, and ill-looking stubs. These vestiges of the savage state usually remain a quarter of a century; in certain regions they are to be found for even more than twice that period. All this, however, had Capt. Willoughby escaped, in consequence of limiting his clearing, in a great measure, to that which had been made by the beavers; and from which time and natural decay had, long before his arrival, removed every ungainly object. It is true, here and there a few acres had been cleared on the firmer ground at the margin of the flats, where barns and farm buildings had been built, and orchards planted; but, in order to preserve the harmony of his view, the captain had caused all the stumps to be pulled up and burnt, giving to these places the same air of agricultural finish as characterised the fields on the lower land.

"To this sylvan scene, at a moment which preceded the setting of the sun by a little more than an hour, and in the first week of the genial month of May, we must now bring the reader in fancy.

"The season had been early, and the Beaver Manor, or the part of it which was cultivated, lying low and sheltered, vegetation had advanced considerably beyond the point that is usual at that date in the elevated region of which we have been writing. The meadows were green with matted grasses, the wheat and rye resembled rich velvets, and the ploughed fields had the fresh and mellowed appearance of good husbandry and a rich soil. The shrubbery, of which the captain's English taste had introduced quantities, was already in leaf, and even portions of the forest began to veil their sombre mysteries with the delicate foliage of an American spring.

"The site of the ancient pond was a miracle of rustic beauty. Every thing like inequality or imperfection had disappeared, the whole presenting a broad and picturesquely shaped basin, with outlines fashioned principally by Nature—an artist that rarely fails in effect. The flat was divided into fields by low post-and-rail fences, the captain making it a law to banish all unruly animals from his estate. The barns and out-buildings were neatly made and judiciously placed, and the three or four roads or lanes that led to them crossed the lowland in such graceful curves as greatly to increase the beauty of the landscape. Here and there a log cabin was visible, nearly buried in the forest, with a few necessary and neat appliances around it; the homes of labourers who had long dwelt in them, and who seemed content to pass their lives in the same place. As most of these men had married and become fathers, the whole colony, including children, notwithstanding the captain's policy not to settle, had grown to considerably more than a hundred souls, of whom three-and-twenty were able-bodied men. Among the latter were the millers; but their mills were buried in the ravine where they had been first placed, quite out of sight from the picture above, concealing all the unavoidable and ungainly-looking objects of a saw-mill yard.

"As a matter of course, the object of the greatest interest, as it was the most conspicuous, was the Hutted Knoll, as the house was now altogether called, and the objects it contained. Thither, then, we will now direct our attention, and describe things as they appeared ten years after they were first presented to the reader.

"The same agricultural finish as prevailed on the flats pervaded every object on the Knoll, though some labour had been expended to produce it. Every thing like a visible rock, the face of the cliff on the northern end excepted, had disappeared; the stones having been blasted, and either worked into walls for foundations, or walls for fence. The entire base of the Knoll, always excepting the little precipice at the rivulet, was encircled by one of the latter, erected under the superintendence of Jamie Allen, who still remained at the Hut, a bachelor, and, as he said himself, a happy man.

"The southern face of the Knoll was converted into lawn, there being quite two acres intersected with walks, and well garnished with shrubbery. What was unusual in America at that day, the captain, owing to his English education, had avoided straight lines and formal paths; giving to the little spot the improvement on Nature, which is a consequence of embellishing her works without destroying them. On each side of this lawn was an orchard, thrifty and young, and which were already beginning to shew signs of putting forth their blossoms.

Strife and Peace, or Scenes in Norway. By FRÉDERICA BREMER, Authoress of "The Neighbours," &c. Translated from the Swedish. London. W. Smith, 1843.

It has been with real pleasure and profit that we have read through this charming little work of Fredrica Bremer, a work as pure and beautiful in its execution as in its object, combining high moral feeling, and that calm depth of intellect which is ever its attendant, with the gayest heart-felt enjoyment and the sweetest gentleness—the very essences of a noble female writer—alluring the heart, while she convinces the mind of the beauty of virtue, lulling every faulty cry within us by her syren voice of Christian love and peace;—truly we must feel this woman strives to accomplish her mission.

The great charm of Miss Bremer's works consists in their perfect fidelity to nature; a fidelity so perfect, indeed, that there is no necessity to idealise a character, in the general sense of the word, in order to render it interesting; for, as painters tell us, the loveliest of their dreams, breathing into life man's brightest visions of perfection, are, at the best, but dim pictures of nature's exhaustless wealth of beauty. Indeed we ever find all that most absorbs us in the romance of real life. As Carlyle observes, we never need factitious invention or excitement—write what we know, what we feel, and do this with earnestness and purity, all then must feel its beauty and confess its truth. All wonder-working nature ever presents stranger forms, more heart-rending

facts, more love-inspired deeds, than the poor imagination of mankind can create.

The scene of this tale is laid in Norway, and, as its name would indicate, shews us the progress of bad temper and ill-will towards amiability and forbearance. The heroine is a young girl in attendance on an elderly lady, to whom she is most devotedly attached, but who, from some previous misfortunes, has been brought into such a state of gloomy sadness, that nothing can rouse her sympathies, or divert her mind from its passive suffering—and to remove these, to her unknown, sorrows, and gladden her heart though but for an instant, is the aim and object of her young friend's daily and hourly care. Speaking of this lady, the Fru Astrid, "bowed down with sorrow," she says—

"Suffering in the north has its peculiar characteristics.—In the south it burns and consumes: in the north it chills, benumbs; it kills slowly. From the earliest times has this difference been recognised.

"When our ancestors sought to embody all that they had known most terrible in life, then was shadowed forth the dark vision of the subterranean dwelling of Hela; the terrors of the shore of corpses; in a word, the hell of the north, with its endless, pathless wastes; its cold, darkness, mists; its turbid rivers and chill trickling poisons.

"There is life and wild power in the fiery dance of the Grecian Tartarus; there is an intoxication in its delirium which disturbs the feeling of intense misery. The soul shrinks not back before these glowing images of terror, as before the chill, dank, dripping horrors, which the cold north engenders."

This is most true, and poetically and feelingly expressed—but we will give a specimen from the opening chapter, descriptive of Norwegian scenery, which is of itself sufficient to prove the writer possessed of deep appreciation of all that is lovely and exalting in nature.

"Before a song of joy or sorrow had been sent forth from the hills of Norway, before a wreath of smoke had risen from her quiet valleys, before a tree in her dark forests had fallen by the hand of man, before King Nor had given his name to the land he traversed in pursuit of his captive sister,—yes, before a Norwegian existed, the lofty Doonee raised its snow-capped summits before the face of the Creator.

"This gigantic chain of mountains stretches itself to the west as far as Romsdahlshorn, whose foot is bathed by the western sea. To the south it forms that immense mountainous region, which, under various names, occupies a space of one hundred and fifty square miles, and contains within itself all that is most grand, most terrible, or most beautiful in nature. Here still, as on the world's first day, stands the Fjall-stuga, the mountain-house, built by an invisible hand, whose walls and towers of ice only that hand can overthrow. Here still, as in the dawn of time, the morning and the evening twilight meet, in a fleeting embrace at midsummer, on the snow-covered summits. Now, as then, rage the mountain-torrents, as they dash headlong into the fearful depths. The ice mirrors still give back the same images, now enchanting, now terrible. Still unattempted by the foot of man, lie wide Alpine tracts, rivers, and woods, on which only the eagle and the summer sun look down.

"Here is the old, but ever young Norway. Is thy soul weary of the bustle of the world, the frivolities of daily life? is it oppressed by the confined air of rooms—the dust of books? or is it riven by deep consuming passions?—fly, fly, then, to the heart of Norway; alone with these grand, silent, yet so eloquent scenes, listen to the beatings of the mighty heart of nature, and win for thyself new strength—a new life.

"But wouldst thou see Nature in her pomp and stateliest magnificence? Then see the embrace of summer and winter in old Norway. Descend to the plain of Swalem, look upon the valleys of Clamaadt and Silleford, or the beautiful Westfjordale, through which the Maan glides quietly, embracing in its course little green islands overgrown with blue-bells and wood-lilies. See now the silver rivers leaving the mountains, wind among clumps of trees and fertile fields. See now, behind the nearest mountain, with its leafy woods, the snow-capped summits rear their ancient heads, and look down like reverend patriarchs upon the youthful of their race. Mark from these valleys the still shifting tints of the morning and evening hour, upon the heights—in the depths. See the fearful magnificence of the storm, the calm beauty of the rainbow, which arches itself over the waterfall. Oppressed and care-worn man, behold this—receive it into thy soul, and breathe again!"

There is also in the service of Fru Astrid a young steward, who acts a material part in this sweet domestic drama, a being nothing less than the lover of the good, but rather hasty-tempered Susannah, and the little disputes between the couple form the chief subject of the story. It would be difficult to give a specimen of the dialogue, which would be interesting, independently of the circumstances

attending it, as it is in that peculiarly natural and simple strain which belongs wholly to the narrative and must be read to be fully understood and enjoyed. There is, however, a quotation, or rather description of "the old poet" of Rein, which is too beautiful to be omitted.

"It is spring. The aged poet wanders through wood and meadow in the regions where he had formerly sung—where he had once been happy among those whom he had made happy. Now his voice is broken, his strength, his fire—gone. The shadow of what he has been, he wanders through the young world fresh with new life. The birds of the spring gather round him, bid him welcome, and entreat him to take his harp, and sing the new-born year, the laughing spring—he answers,

"Oh, ye loved birds, no longer, as of yore,
The minstrel's harp shall answer to your strain;
Unstrung the harp—its silver chords no more
Send forth their melodies to wood and plain;
Yet not in gloom and silence will I part,
Heaven's music lingers round the minstrel's heart.

"He wanders on through wood and meadow, the brook, murmuring between green banks, whispers to him its delight in its liberty, and hails the bard as the messenger of spring and of freedom. He wanders on—Dryads flit about him in the dance, the flowers offer him garlands, and beg him to celebrate their feast; the zephyrs, who were used to play among the chords of his harp, seek it among the bushes, ask if he have forgotten it, seek it again, but in vain. They are then departing, but he entreats—

"Leave me not yet, dear friends—in brighter hours
Together we have hailed the dawning spring;
Bloom yet along my pathway, gentle flowers,
Though the voice fail that would your praises sing.
Play round me zephyrs, as in days gone by,
Though the old bard no more may share your mirth,
Powerless is now his hand and dim his eye,
His spring renews itself no more on earth;
Yet not in darkness shall his spirit part,
Heaven's sunshine rests upon the poet's heart.

"He wanders further and seeks out every beloved spot. The youth of the land assemble round the old minstrel, 'the friend of joy and of youth,' they beg him to enliven their feasts with his songs; the old man answers—

"My lays no more will aid the sparkling wine,
Youth and its wild delights for me are o'er;
No more shall festive wreaths my brows entwine,
A paler garland will become them more;
Yet, smiling, let me from the world depart,
The peace of heaven fills the old man's heart.

"And now he calls upon the birds of the wood, the flowers, youth, all that is beautiful in nature, to join with him in rejoicing over life, and in praising the Creator. Then, thankful and happy, adoring and singing praises, he sinks quietly into the lap of nature."

In contrast to this, here is a vivid description of a national dance, the Halling-Polska, at once characteristic and poetical.

"The Halling-Polska expresses the highest joy of the northlander—it is the Bersaerker delight in dance. Resting on the arm of the woman, the man throws himself high into the air, then he seizes her in his arms, and whirls about with her in wild circles; then they separate, then unite again and whirl about as in an excess of life and joy. The measure is exact, bold, and full of life. It is a dance intoxication, in which every care, every sorrow, every burden of existence, is thrown aside.

"Thus did Harold and Susannah feel at this moment. Young, strong, active, they swung round securely and lightly, and their eyes being fixed steadily upon each other, they felt no giddiness from the continued whirl. They moved round, as in a magic circle, to the wild exulting music. The understrings sounded out strong and wild—the enchantment that lies in the clear depths of the waters, in the mystic recesses of the hills, in the dim grottoes of the woods, which poets have celebrated as mermaids, mountain-kings, and wood-nymphs, and which draw down the soul so powerfully into strange unknown depths—this dark song of nature is heard in the lower strings, in the sportive, and at the same time mournful, tones of the Hallinger. They sank deep into Susannah's soul, and Harold seemed to feel their magic; quitting the wild movements of the dance, they moved round slowly, arm in arm, 'Oh! thus through life,' whispered Harold's lips, almost involuntarily, as he gazed into Susannah's beaming, tearful eyes—and 'Oh, thus through life,' answered Susannah's heart."

Here is a passage, which if we did but believe sincerely, how many an angry word and bitter reproach should we be spared!

"Among the many noble capacities of man is that of being able to judge and condemn himself. And if we are justly displeased with any one, if we have been injured or offended by word or deed, we should rely upon this capacity, and let our reliance exert a soothing influence over our feelings; for while we are resenting the offence, perhaps he who has offended us is grieving in silence, perhaps he wakes through the quiet hours of darkness to accuse himself before the

stern tribunal of his conscience, and the nobler he is, so much the greater will be his remorse for those offences of which the tribunals of the world take no account. He cannot pardon himself, except in resolving to make atonement for his fault, and in this painful hour, this hope is his only consolation."

Perhaps these few extracts may not well represent the many delightful qualities of their author; but her chief characteristic being the beautiful spirit which pervades the whole, we can only advise it to be read. We think it likely that "Strife and Peace" may be on the whole less popular than "Family Cares and Family Joys," translated so ably by Mrs. Howitt, since it contains scenes and descriptions less generally interesting and simple in their details. Yet, like all which comes from her pen, it breathes the same spirit of Christian love, the same feeling of poetry, the same power of discrimination and knowledge of character. And it is with sincere delight that we hail the present publication of Miss Bremer's works, as a means of diffusing their excellence among a class which otherwise would be wholly beyond the reach of their great moral influence, if not unconscious of their existence. They contain likewise much useful information on the manners and customs of the simple Swedes—so simple, indeed, that we fear the effect upon the minds of our own very conventional England will be trifling compared to what their merits would produce in a country more capable of sympathy with habits at once so inartificial and refined. It may be difficult to say whether Miss Bremer's powers of tragic description be equal to her pictures of peace and love—perhaps not—it is enough for us that she never attempts where she does not succeed. Even that generally insurmountable difficulty with all writers, men and women, the drawing a character of another sex, is with her perfectly successful, so far as it goes, because she merely represents what she knows and feels, not aiming at things beyond the possibility of attainment. Thus sorrowing that a period has come to an unusual delight, yet rejoicing in its happy effects, we take our leave of Frederica Bremer, longingly expecting the next promised volume.

The Stage Coach; a Novel, in 3 vols. By JOHN MILLS: Colburn. 1843.

MR. MILLS is a fortunate man; he had the good luck, or the good taste, to discover a mine which the novelist had not explored. His first appearance as an author was eminently successful, and the "Old English Gentleman" (such was the title of his novel) attained at once to considerable popularity.

Although this work was not without intrinsic merit, it was certainly more indebted for its reputation to its subject than to its substance. The very announcement of a sporting novel had charms for many who would have passed it unnoticed but for its connexion with their pursuits; and it must be confessed that most of us love to read of sporting anecdote and adventure, even though we may never have partaken of its delicious excitement. In such scenes Mr. Mills was versed, and having considerable graphic powers, he was enabled to absorb the attention of his readers, in spite of an ill-constructed plot, and in the absence of that dramatic spirit which is essential to good novel writing.

The Stage Coach is the second production of his pen, and its title is well calculated to attract to it the favourable regards of those who were pleased with his first endeavour, for it would imply a connection with sporting literature. But whoever should buy or borrow it with this expectation will find himself grievously disappointed. It is not a continuous narrative, but a collection of anecdotal tales, and the sweepings of the author's study, strung together by the clumsy expedient of a coach-box and an inn-tap, where divers coachmen narrate their adventures. As such a work affords but partial scope for Mr. Mills's peculiar abilities, so it displays to great disadvantage the defects which those abilities excused, but did not correct. Altogether this production is very inferior to his former one;—the wit is forced; the humour is not nature; there is an exhibition of coarseness of thought and vulgarity of style. That it contains some amusing and some clever passages we freely admit, but as a whole it will not repay perusal and we cannot recommend our readers to order it. That they may, however, form some judgment for themselves of its better parts, we extract, as a fair specimen, an anecdote which carries the aspect of truth:—

A SCENE IN A MADHOUSE.

"We were passing a door through which a keeper was looking, and I glanced over his shoulder into the apartment. The inmate was a tall, powerfully made man, with a strait-waistcoat on. With measured tread he paced to and fro, and appeared to be imitating a sentinel on duty. He stopped suddenly in his march, and looking at the keeper through the panel, said, 'Halt! Who goes there?'

"Guard," said the keeper, smiling.

"The word?" asked he.

"Waterloo," replied the keeper.

"All's well! Pass on," rejoined the poor maniac, resuming his march.

"The keeper closed and bolted the panel. I asked him whether he was a soldier.

"An officer in the 93rd, Sir," said he. 'A spent ball at Waterloo tore away part of his skull behind his left ear, which is the cause of his present state.'

"Has he been long so?" I inquired.

"From the hour that he got his wound," was the reply. 'He received his Waterloo medal in this house,' continued the keeper; and when it was given to him, he seemed to have a transitory gleam of reason; for, placing it on his left breast, he said, while tears trickled down his face, 'It was too dearly gained.' These were the only words of a rational nature that we have heard from his lips.'

"Do any of his comrades see him?" I inquired.

"There are but few living now, Sir, you know; but there's one that comes now and then, although few are aware of it," replied the keeper, with an emphasis upon the one and a glow upon his features.

"Who is that?" said I.

"His Grace the Duke, Sir," replied he.

"God bless him!" I involuntarily exclaimed.

"By unguarded trifles, by actions that men suppose the scrutinising eyes of the world do not notice, should opinions be formed of the real condition of the heart and of the mind; not by the universal hypocrisy and assumption prevailing in all grades of society, from the king to the cobbler, when the performances are imagined to become themes for the tattling-tongued multitude. The simple circumstance of the duke's visit to the old demented soldier, who lost his reason in the performance of his duty, showed more plainly that he has a heart worthy of nobility than all the flourishes which clamorous Fame has blown from deeds of greater weight."

The Belle of the Family; or, the Jointure. A Novel, in 3 vols. By the Author of "The Young Prima Donna," &c. London, 1843. Newby.

THE authoress of these volumes is already favourably known at the circulating libraries, and the two tales which she has here contributed to their shelves will certainly enhance that reputation. One is entitled "*The Belle of the Family*;" the other, "*Harry Monk*;" the former being a picture of fashionable life, the history of that legalised form of prostitution, a marriage by barter; the latter, a thorough romance, the scene of which is laid at the time of the Commonwealth, and in its incidents exciting enough to attract the duller imagination.

The plots of both tales are ingeniously constructed; some of the characters that figure in them are delineated with the delicate discrimination of the finer traits of feeling in which women so much surpass the coarser perceptions of our sex. Many of the scenes exhibit unwonted powers of description, and are brought, as it were, palpably before the eyes, and there is a dramatic spirit in the dialogues which gives life and freshness to the pages, and carries the reader onward to the conclusion without weariness.

As we have only borrowed these volumes for the purpose of notice, we are unable to extract any passages from them; but perhaps the reader will accept our assurance, that they may send for them from their circulating libraries with a certainty of being as much amused as by any other of the novels of the season. They will pass away a November night very pleasantly.

POETRY.

The Book of Scottish Song: a Collection of the best and most approved Songs of Scotland, with Critical and Historical Notices. Glasgow and London, 1843. Blackie.

THIS is a delightful volume. Nowhere upon British soil has song so flourished as in Scotland. Its minstrelsy is remarkable for speaking the very language of the affections in its natural eloquence, unspoiled by the affectations with which the classically educated endeavour to adorn, while in truth they but disguise it. Scotland has produced more of these indigenous poets than any other country; why, we will not venture to speculate. Besides the

many whose names have been preserved by fame, this volume introduces to us a multitude of minor poets, who have sung and passed away, and of whom there is no other memory than the echo of their sweet strains, which have become household treasures, and are mingled with the very existence of the peasantry.

The Editor has performed his task with industry and good taste. No cottage was too humble for his research, and often in the humblest has he found the brightest gems. We have but one complaint to make, and that is, that he has sometimes wandered out of his proper province. All his selections are not strictly Scotch. Now and then we light upon a poem which might have been advantageously rejected, as not altogether worthy of the excellent company in which it appears. But, upon the whole, we have seldom seen a volume of selections so free from objection as this, and undoubtedly it will be an interesting and acceptable addition to the poetical library.

The following plaintive stanzas are the production of a Glasgow student, named ROBERT MILLER, who died at the premature age of twenty-five. They indicate the presence of genius, which time would have strengthened, and which might have taken its place by the side of the most famous of the many famous of its native land.

"THE EARLY LOVED."

"The loves of early days!
Where are they?—where?
Not on the shining braes,
The mountains bare;
Not where the regal streams
Their foam-bells cast—
Where childhood's time of dreams
And sunshine past.
Some in the mart, and some
In stately halls,
With the ancestral gloom
Of ancient walls;
Some where the tempest sweeps
The desert waves;
Some where the myrtle weeps
O'er Roman graves.
And pale young faces gleam
With solemn eyes;
Like remembered dream
The dead arise;
In the red track of war
The restless sweep;
In sunlit graves afar
The loved ones sleep.
The braes are bright with flowers.
The mountain streams
Foam past me in the showers
Of sunny gleams;
But the light hearts that cast
A glory there
In the rejoicing past—
Where are they?—where?"

ROBERT NICOLL is another instance of early death depriving the world of one who had in him all the elements of greatness. A sweet song is this of his.

"THE MAKING O' THE HAY."

"Across the riggs we'll wander,
The new-mown hay among,
And hear the blackbird in the wood,
And give it sang for sang.
We'll give it sang for sang, we will,
For ilka heart is gay,
As lads and lasses trip along
At making o' the hay!
It is sae sweetly scented,
It seems a maiden's breath;
Aboon, the sun has withered it,
But there is green beneath,
But there is caller green beneath,
Come, lasses, foot away!
The heart is dowie can be cauld
At making o' the hay!
Step lightly o'er, gang softly by,
Mak' riggs and furrow clean,
And coil it up in fragrant heaps,
We maun ha'e done at e'en,
We maun ha'e done at gloaming e'en;
And when the clouds grow grey,
Ilk lad may kiss his bonnie lass
Among the new-made hay!"

Moscow; a Poem, in Six Cantos. By WILLIAM FOSTER BARHAM, Esq., M.A. 8vo. pp. 62. London, 1843. How.

We can imagine a man who has nothing better to occupy his hours scribbling very bad poetry, but we cannot understand his deliberate publication of it. It is one thing to write solemn nonsense and commit the writing to the flames or to the secret drawer of the desk, but it is quite another thing to print it for the amusement of the public. It is conceivable that manuscript verses may be taken by their parent to be comely enough, but it is inconceivable that, when seen in type, their deformities and deficiencies should not become

painfully evident, even to the partial eye of pater-nity.

The instant reflection that occurred to us on opening Mr. Barham's pamphlet and reading a page of his poetry was this: *Why* did he write, and *how* could he print? Is it possible that, with the British poets in his library, if not in his memory, he could have perused his own verses in proof, without at once perceiving their manifest inferiority to the productions that have been acknowledged by the world as genuine poetry? Can the love of off-spring so blind men to the defects of their progeny, that the author of *Moscow* should offer it to criticism with any confidence that it could be approved by good taste? But our readers shall judge for themselves as to the merits of Mr. Barham's poem. It should be premised, that it consists of six cantos, its object being, as stated in the Preface, "to delineate briefly, in a poetical form, the celebrated enterprise undertaken by the French Emperor." This is, certainly, an excellent theme for poetry, and accordingly Mr. Barham, deeming himself to be a poet, probably because he mistakes *aspiration* for *inspiration*, treats it in heroic verse, the structure of which is correct enough, and which, as verse, and were verse the sole purpose of poetry, might be creditable enough, but which wants all the thought that constitutes poetry, and is, in truth, nothing more than the plainest prose put into metre—the task and triumph of a school-boy.

In proof of this, we extract a passage which the author probably deems very beautiful, for he has expended upon it a great deal of toil in the selection of fine words. It is the opening of the second canto, entitled

"THE REVIEW."

"The Morn awakened, with refulgent beam,
To shine on every plain, and every stream.
Th' eternal sun from ocean's waters raised,
As from the heart of some great furnace blazed.
How fast and far, that heliocentric ray
Rolls the bright vortex of creative day!
Whose beam thine orbs, Eternity, adore,
Each anchored on his solitary shore.
Wheeling and trembling, with vibration keen,
Lowering and glooming the dark clouds between;
Now dim at distance, as he mourned alone,
He sheds abstraction, unapproached, unknown.
Now came the swift command, along the plain,
In arms to summon all the martial train.
In varied form, their practised skill to shew,
Of evolution swift, or marches slow;
In long-trained exercise of arms to share,
And all the discipline of glorious war.
Straight at the word the gathering armies crowd,
With haste tumultuous, and with voices loud.
In many a legion forms the martial band,
Spread far and wide, and cover all the land;
In glittering rank their deep array combine,
And far extend the illimitable line.
As when the abyss with dire combustion blown,
The rocking earthquake shakes its deepest throne;
Proud cities tremble in each shattered wall,
The eternal mountains totter to their fall:
So groaned the soil, as o'er the extended plain,
In bands unnumbered thronged the martial train.
To either hand their varied lines they bear,
Now wide, now deep, their changing front prepare.
To ambuscade or skirmish trained, a band
Shoots forth *excursive* at the high command.
Now formed in hollow square, a bristling row
Of bayonets fixed reflect the ethereal glow:
Now wheeling round, in sudden *winding* spire,
Their glittering arms the wide horizon fire.
Their martial guise, and rich appointed train,
Waved a far blaze of splendour o'er the plain,
With many a sheen, and many an orient hue,
Of gorgeous crimson, or Libanian blue.
Composed at length they rest their warlike band,
And wait the signal of observed command."

The *italics* in this passage are our own; they mark unpoetical phrases, bad grammar, or nonsense, which the reader may amuse himself by tracing, if he pleases. Yet is this a very fair specimen of Mr. Barham's poem. We might have selected many worse, but we can find none better. Where absolute faults are not visible, there is a dull monotony of rhymed prose, without a spark of inspiration to light up one line in the entire poem, or to hold forth even a hope that Mr. Barham can become a poet. The best advice we can tender him is, if he must scribble, at least to print no more.

Tecumseh; or, the West Thirty Years since: a Poem. By G. H. COLTON. London, 1843. Smith.

This is one of the latest of Mr. Smith's cheap and elegant reprints; but why it is added to his collection we cannot conceive, for it is certainly not a poem of such merit as to deserve an introduction in a cheap form to British readers, among whom Mr. Colton is not likely to become popular. "*Tecumseh*" is a respectable poem,—nothing more. It comes to us from the other side of the

Atlantic, and is a fair specimen of a literature as yet too young for self-reliance, and, like all that is youthful, essentially imitative. The impression made upon us by perusal of it is a sense of weariness, arising from its diffuseness, and from a certain heaviness of tone which prevails throughout. It contains some excellent passages certainly, and no striking faults are obvious anywhere; but as a whole it is not likely so to please as to attain the popularity enjoyed by the other works selected by Mr. Smith for his beautifully printed and very cheap Standard Library. One little poem only we can find room for: it is a fair specimen of Mr. Colton's powers.

"THE LAMENT."

"Where is the foam of the waters?
White on the golden sand it shone;
But a wave from the deep came dark and high—
I looked and the foam was gone!
It might not linger!
Where is the snow-wreath of winter?
Pure in the forest depths it lay:
But the Great Spirit looked from the stormless heavens,
And the snow-wreath passed away
In its own breathing!
Where is the cloudlet of summer?
Palely it slept on the sky's calm breast:
But the winds blew strong, and the tempest rose—
The cloud found a darker rest,
No more returning!
Lovely wast thou, my sister,
Gentle and sad as the night's cold breath!
Ah! if thou hadst been less sweet and fair,
Thou wouldst not have charmed cold Death,
Nor grieved Omene!
Vain is the voice of my sorrow!
Never again to the earth nor me
Thy spirit returns from the Shadowy Land:
And with tears shall I gaze, like thee,
On stars and flowers!
Yet will I cease from my mourning,
Child of the moonlit Ocean-foam!
For a captive, and orphan, and lonely in woe,
Manito hath called thee home,
To meet the long lost!
Soon may I come to thee, dearest!
Sorrow, and tears, and the tomb are not there,
And the flowers have no fading, the storm never comes,
And joy fills the boundless air.
Sleep, sleep, thou dreamless!"

The Inferno of Dante. Translated by JOHN DAYMAN, M.A. London, 1843. Painter.

It will be allowed by all who have read the original and the translations, or attempted translations, into our language of the *Inferno* of Dante, that there is ample room for another. Cary's, which is the best, is a heavy affair, composed too much in the manner of the pedant and wanting the spirit of the poet. It has the recommendation of being *literal*, but a good translation should aim, not so much at rendering word for word, or phrase for phrase, but at catching the author's conception, and clothing it in the forms of expression in which it might be supposed that the author himself would have embodied it, had he lived and written in the same land and at the same era with the translator. Tried by this test, not only does Cary fail to turn Dante into English, but Mr. Dayman's attempt must be pronounced a still more signal failure. We should doubt his capacity to accomplish such a task in any form of verse, but certainly he has made success impossible by his choice of the *terza rima* for his translation—a structure of verse unsuited to the genius of our language, and which has so evidently fettered the translator, that, in obedience to its despotic laws, he continually sacrifices the words and meaning of Dante to the necessities of rhyme, and upon this Procrustean bed the Milton of Italy is made to fit the measure of Mr. Dayman's fingers. This is not a book to be bought or ordered.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing. By WILLIAM SCROPE, Esq. Murray. 1843.

LIVES there a man who has never angled?—who has not, at some period of his life, bobbed a bait, whether as a schoolboy, with withey wand, twine, and crooked pin, plotting against minnows in a brook, or exploring, in conscious strength of manhood, the rugged places of the earth, to measure skill and strength against the salmon, the king of river fish? If such a man there be, and his eye should light on the title of this book, let him pass on to the next; we write not for him.

To all who have angled at any time, in any manner, can we commend Mr. Scrope's recollections of Salmon Fishing as a work which will renew the de-

lightful memories of days passed in sunny meadows, upon a carpet of bright green grass, amid the hum of bees and the song of birds; of pleasant toils over rugged places where hill-streams roar and rage through ranks of opposing rocks; of hours that yielded a store of useful thoughts, though they brought no fish to the basket, and of conquests over cunning monsters of the flood, long watched, long tempted, until at length the ingenuity of the man triumphed over the wiliness of the fish, and the prize lay upon the bank, shewing his silver belly and spotted back to the sunshine. Mr. Scrope is an enthusiast in the craft of the angler: he treats of it with the same cordial spirit of love that animated the pen of Izaak Walton; and he tells us, moreover, only that which he has himself seen and done; there is no second-hand description, no anecdote upon authority; for all that appears the reader has Mr. Scrope's personal testimony, and another such witness could not readily be found; for he appears to have fished every famous river in the land, to have explored places which civilized anglers have rarely visited, and to have learned from this extent of observation the entire history of the fish he was pursuing, and of all modes by which it is to be entrapped in the various localities it loves.

His style, too, is singularly animated. His descriptions of places are not overlaboured, and he tells his story without tediousness, seizing on its prominent features, and giving the reader a distinct conception of them, without confusing him by particularities that both perplex and weary. The fisherman will find in this volume abundance of instruction in his art; the naturalist a large addition to his knowledge; and the general reader a fund of adventure and agreeable and exciting narrative, which will convey to him more true pleasure, and certainly vastly more profit, than he could glean from any romance.

The volume is also profusely illustrated by Mr. C. Landseer, and other artists of note, and so beautifully, that it has a value as a work of art, independently of its literary merits.

With such an opinion of this publication, it is scarcely necessary to say that it is just the sort of purchase for a book-club, for it is rather an expensive one; but to those who can afford the outlay, we would whisper, "add it to your library."

In partial proof of these remarks, we select a stirring description of a struggle with a huge salmon, the severest contest in which Mr. Scrope was ever engaged.

"A RUN."

"Deeply immersed, I dashed after him as best I could; and, arriving on the other side of the bridge, I floundered out on dry land, and continued the chase. The salmon still kept the strength of the stream, and, abating nothing of his vigour, went swiftly down the whirls, then through the boat shiel, and over the shallows, till he came to the throat of the elm-wheel, down which he darted. Owing to the bad ground, the trace here became exceedingly distressing. I contrived, however, to keep company with the fish, still doubtful of the result, till I came to the bottom of the long cast, when he still shewed fight and sought the shallows below. Unhappily, the alders prevented my following by land, and I was compelled to take water again, which slackened my speed. But the stream soon expanding, and the current diminishing, my fish likewise travelled more slowly, so I gave a few sobs, and recovering my wind a little, gathered up the line, and tried to bring him to terms; but he derided my efforts, and dashed off for another burst, triumphant. Not far below lay the rapids of the Slaughterford; he would soon gain them at the pace he was going; that was certain; see, he is there already! But I back out again on dry land, and have a fair race with him. I am a pretty runner, but his velocity is surprising. On, on, still on he goes, ploughing up the water like a steamer. 'Away with you, Charlie. Quick, quick, man; quick for your life! Loosen the boat at the Cauld Pool, where we shall soon be.' And so, indeed, we were, when I jumped into the craft, still having good hold of my fish.

"The Tweed is here broad and deep, and the salmon at length had become somewhat exhausted; he still kept in the strength of the stream, however, with his nose seawards, and hung heavily. At last he came near the surface of the water. See how he shakes his tail and digs downwards, seeking the deep profound; but he will never gain it. His motions become more short and feeble; he is evidently doomed, and his race well nigh finished. Drawn into the bare water, and not approving of the extended cleik, he makes another swift rush, and repeats this effort each time that he is towed to the shallows. At length is cleik in earnest, and hauled to shore. He

proves one of the grey skull, newly run, and weighs somewhat above 20lbs. The hook is not in his mouth, but on the outside of it; in which case a fish being able to respire freely, always shews extraordinary vigour, and generally sets his head down the stream."

Hunting Reminiscences. By NIMROD. London, 1843. Ackermann.

To Nimrod belongs the glory of having founded the modern school of sporting literature, and, like most founders of schools, he eclipses all his pupils, who imitate his faults of mannerism, but do not reach his excellencies. Nimrod was remarkable not only for his graphic powers, which brought things described by him before the mind's eye, with all the vividness of reality, but throwing his whole soul into his subject, he wrought upon it with the joyous spirit of one who pursues it as a delight. You heard the very echo of the halloo—the smack of the whip—the baying of the hounds: you saw the very horse he rode, the very coach he drove. He had also mastered the statistics of sporting, and he narrated them in so agreeable a strain, so mingling fact with anecdote, and shrewd remark with wit, that the reader who opened one of his essays would be sure to read to the end, and then to find, or fancy that he found, himself more than half a sportsman.

The volume before us is a collection of Nimrod's papers contributed to a variety of periodicals, all of which excited great interest at the times of their publication. It contains some articles of a singularly attractive character, and which well deserved to be rescued from the perishing pages of a magazine, such as "*Memoirs of Masters of Hounds*," "*The Characters of Hunting Countries*," "*The Crack Riders of England*, &c. &c. These are of almost historical value, preserving fugitive traits of a class neither few nor unimportant of our society, which will be valued hereafter as an ingredient in the history of the men and manners of the nineteenth century.

To all sporting men this volume will be acceptable. To those who do not belong to the fraternity it offers itself as abounding in information always curious and interesting, sometimes valuable.

A Short Treatise on Life Assurances, with the Rates of all the Offices in London, Mutual, Mixed, and Proprietary, alphabetically arranged. By FREDERICK LAWRENCE, Esq., Secretary to a Life Office. 12mo., pp. 49. London, 1843. Richardson.

The utility of such a work as this will not be questioned, provided it be written with competent knowledge of the subject, and with that which is still more difficult to be procured in such a case, strict impartiality. From the examination we have been enabled to make of Mr. Lawrence's pages, we are inclined to believe that he has handled his subject fairly, as undoubtedly he has ably; nor can we trace in it that which we are apt to suspect as lurking under the fair outside of publications of this class, puffs of certain offices.

A history of Life Assurance properly opens the subject. It seems to have had its origin in the *Tontines*, invented about the end of the seventeenth century by Tontino, a native of Italy. As many persons are ignorant of the meaning of this form of speculation, we extract Mr. Lawrence's account of

A TONTINE SOCIETY.

"The plan was this:—A certain number of persons clubbed together a specified sum (without reference to age or sex) annually, and at the expiration of each year the interest of this fund was divided amongst the subscribers who were living, and so on from year to year, until the last survivor received the whole of the interest. This novelty, having on its face all the appearances of a profitable investment, with a little of the then relish for gambling, as to health and death, caused many thousands to be annually contributed, each man speculating on the life and habits of his co-subscriber, so as to form a rough guess as to who stood the best chance of survivorship. This went on for some time, until some one, either wiser or more inquisitive than his fellows, came to inquire what became of the principal sum subscribed, as the interest on the fund only was awarded. This was a death-blow to the first invention; the money, of course, failing heirs, was forfeited to the Crown. But the 'snake was scotched, not killed.' To remedy this glaring error (glaring when fully brought to light), a limited number of years was fixed for the continuation of the 'Tontine,' and should any members be alive at the expiration of that time, they were to receive the whole amount originally sub-

scribed; but as many died without receiving any advantage whatever for their subscriptions, and others, longer lived, received in many cases nearly 300 times the amount advanced, this plan, from its great inequality, did not, as was anticipated, meet with general approbation; but one permanent good resulted from it, the first tables of the duration of human life on a small scale being recorded. But as these were obviously insufficient to carry out any calculation on an extended scale, towards the end of the seventeenth century, Sir William Petty made a register of the Bills of Mortality of London and Dublin; but as the original number of the population was not ascertained, and no note being taken of the visits of strangers of both sexes and from all lands who died there, no correct data could be established."

This, and the publication of tables of mortality, speedily led to the introduction of Life Assurance offices, which, it seems, are of three kinds, *Mutual, Proprietary*, and *Mixed*; the *Mutual* Company dividing all the profits among the insurers; the *Proprietary* taking the profits, but guaranteeing the insurers against loss; the *Mixed*, which likewise secures to the insurer his insurance, but gives him also a portion of the profits.

Having thus premised, Mr. Lawrence proceeds to describe the management of offices, the various premiums and bonuses offered by those existing, the law of lapsed policies, and then, in a very perspicuous manner, the different systems of assurance that have been invented by the eagerness of competition. Some examples of the practical benefits of life assurance are then given; next, he treats of assurance connected with loan; then, of the mode of effecting an assurance; then of purchasing an annuity; and, finally, of the mode of purchasing an endowment, or deferred sum.

To this extremely useful information he has added some tables, shewing the relative advantages of the various methods of assurance; the rates of all the offices in London, and a directory.

The Travellers' Hand-book; or, Dialogues on subjects of frequent occurrence in Travelling, and various Situations in Life. In English, French, and Italian. By J. B. CARDI, Member of the University of Pisa, &c. pp. 212. London, Whittaker and Co.

EVERY traveller who has visited the Continent without a previous familiar knowledge of French, at the least, must have felt the want of such a hand-book as that which Mr. Cardi has compiled. It contains dialogues on almost every familiar subject likely to arise in the course of travel, as well as in social life, and, instead of a pocket dictionary, it will now be more convenient to carry Mr. Cardi's little book, which will supply the same information, in a tithe of the bulk, and without the tedious labour of search for every word.

This volume must also be of great service to the student, either of French or of Italian, not only by familiarising him with the conversational idioms, but, by the allocation of the languages side by side, he is enabled to form a more accurate estimate of the peculiarities of each, and therefore is the more likely to remember them.

This is a book we can heartily commend to those who need an assistant of its class.

MUSIC.

Summary.

If talk were a proof of thought, professions of feeling, and listening of understanding, we should be the most musical people in the world; but that in truth we neither feel nor understand music is sufficiently proved by the music published and the music bought. If those who play and sing had better taste or more judgment, those who write would be compelled to improve or to abandon their calling. Or, perhaps, it may be said, on the other hand, that if our composers had more genius, our performers would acquire better taste. Be this as it may, the fact is but too certain that a really good contribution to the musical library, whether vocal or instrumental, a work having the stamp of genius, and truly original, is still more rare than a good poem. The buyers of music, eager for novelty (as if the last new song was the only thing in the world worth knowing), will not revert to the treasures of

melody which have been accumulated by centuries, but order the latest, without any reference to its worth, and thus the breed of bad composers is continued, and reacting on performers, the tastes so misdirected become more and more corrupted, until all traces of genius are obliterated, and the caprice of fashion stifles the voice of nature.

It will be the endeavour of THE CRITIC to shun this subserviency to the fleeting fashion of the time, and to try all the music submitted to its notice by the measure of its intrinsic worth. It hopes, therefore, to become useful to families, by faithfully informing them what musical publications really deserve to be bought, and what are worthless. The standard of excellence will be a strict one, but not more so than is due to those whom politeness compels to listen to performances in drawing-rooms, and on whom it is doubly cruel to inflict wretched composition in addition to imperfect execution. As the season approaches, the note of preparation will begin to sound, and there will be abundance to record of musical doings and sayings. But as yet there is not a whisper stirring on this subject, all the musical people, *par excellence*—that is, those who affect musical extatics—being out of town.

New Publications.

Wilson's Edition of the Songs of Scotland. Dedicated, by permission, to the Queen. Part V.

THE Fifth Part of this delightful work is before us, and we are glad to learn that it has already won its way to a popularity such as is rarely enjoyed by a musical publication. Indeed none who have heard the Editor's interesting miscellany of lecture, and song in those entertainments which have attracted such crowded audiences wherever they have been announced, in town or country, will hesitate to purchase a work to which his name is attached. But the present Part has attractions in itself, independently of any name. It contains the following airs:—"There's nae luck about the house;" "Scot's wha hae;" "There are twa bonnie maidens;" "Tullochgorum;" "Thou art gone awa frae me, Mary;" "Duncan Grey;" "A man's a man for a' that;" "Last May a braw wooer;" "My Nannie, O;" "The Deil's awa;" "Roslin Castle;" and "Robin's awa."

To each of these is appended an historical and critical notice, and with such attractions there should not be a house that has in it a pianoforte without Wilson's *Songs of Scotland* to exercise the skill and taste of the players.

ART.

Summary.

AT this season of the year there is seldom any thing of interest stirring in the world of Art. The exhibitions have long been closed, and both the patron and the votary of Art are, with few exceptions, in the country. Even the National Gallery now takes holiday; and the only places of entertainment, holding out pictorial attractions at the present hour, are the Diorama, Panorama, and Prize Cartoons—all of which will abundantly repay a visit. Occasionally we hear of the return of a landscape painter from his autumnal tour, laden like a bee with treasure, culled from the fields and woods, to be consumed during the approaching winter. Bright, whose effective and forceful crayon drawings have won for him a distinguished reputation, has recently arrived from an excursion among the lofty hills, picturesque vales, and bold shores of Devon, and we hear he has profited largely by the journey. The Nelson Statue has of late attracted some attention, and been visited by not a few of the fashionables, and by some of the best judges of sculpture in the metropolis. Not having had opportunity for inspecting, we cannot pronounce *ex cathedra* an opinion on its merits. We have heard it both praised and censured, though for Mr. Bailey's sake (who is undeniably a man of tried and superior ability), we

are happy to add, the preponderance has been on the side of the applauders. The period extending from this to the month of April is that in which the painter is most closely engaged. Many will be the throes of imagination and manual efforts of the aspiring, and indeed of the established artists, during this interval, to produce that rare thing—a grand picture. In due time we hope to greet their performances in the exhibition room, there to subject them to the test of dispassionate criticism; in the meanwhile, we wish them all the success which their application and talents deserve.

We have lately seen, at Mr. Boys', a finished etching of a subject now engraving in the *mixed style*, from a charming picture by Frank Stur. It illustrates, we believe, a scene in Mr. Taylor's beautiful drama, Philip Von Artweld. A young and handsome cavalier, lounging in a balcony, which commands a prospect of a lovely landscape, is teasing a hawk with a heron lure, while a female, full of grace and beauty, leaning against a wall, is looking steadfastly at him, with an expression of interest, at least, if not of devoted affection. The whole is in admirable keeping, and it promises to be a popular and valuable print.

New Publications.

A Treatise on Photography. Translated from the French of N. P. LEBREBOURS, by J. EGERTON. London, 1843. Longman & Co.

THE ingenious discovery by Mons. Daguerre, of an art whereby the reflection of material objects could be caught, and permanently fixed, came upon the world by surprise, and excited—more especially throughout Europe and America—the most lively interest. Whilst among lenses and mirrors, metallic plates, and chemical compounds, he was thoughtfully experimenting, Nations had their eyes on his laboratory, and they listened eagerly and with pleasure to the successive improvements he announced to them. Making proper allowance for the circumstances that precluded a rapid diffusion of knowledge in their respective epochs, it is certain, that neither the invention of the mariner's compass, the printing press, or steam-engine, gave occasion for so much wonder, or were hailed with such universal enthusiasm, as that of the art here treated of; though, contrasted with *theirs*, its intrinsic value is but as a mite against the wealth of Ceresus. The cause of this it is not so easy to determine, though the fact is too obvious to be overlooked.

Most of the great discoveries that have revolutionized society and forwarded the dearest interests of the human soul, enabling her to cast off some ponderous fetter that had enthralled her, and to extend yet more widely her dominions, were born in comparative silence, and grew slowly and unostentatiously to gigantic strength and stature. The history, however, of this art presents a direct converse to the above. It was ushered into existence with great noise and triumph, and straightway was looked upon as a prodigy. Among alchemists, in this day, the promulgation of the actual discovery of the philosopher's stone, would not have excited more commotion, nor have been received with greater delight. Some people had an absolute monomania on the subject, and the masters of the art cunningly held out the most extravagant hopes respecting it. Not only were we to have landscapes, and pictures of what is termed "still life," but, dissatisfied with these, it was said that the image of large concourses of figures in rapid motion, as at reviews and horse-races, were, on the mere opening and shutting of a conjuror's box, to be transferred in a moment, and fixed everlastingly, on the plate. Painters and even engravers—for it was confidently predicted, that copies would eventually be multiplied from each other *ad infinitum*—looked aghast, at what to them was a frightful and unwelcome monstrosity. The French Government, struck with his merit, rewarded the fortunate inventor, perhaps more munificently than they would have recompensed one who had found a simple yet infallible method of determining the longitude, or a specific for typhus or consumption. But the perspective-glass of Father Time, through which we now view this discovery, shews us its proper size, and enables us far better to judge of its real value.

About seven years, if memory serves us rightly, have elapsed since first this invention was made public; during which, numberless as have been the expe-

rimentors, what is the sum total of the progress they have made? Simply and broadly this:—a shortening of the time necessary for the production of the specimens, and, possibly, a trifle more of distinctness in the imagery; for both of which it must be confessed, there was abundant room. Compare their *master-piece* portraits and landscapes with the treasures full of life and nature, daily emanating from the easel, and what cadaverous, spiritless, *unsubstantial* things they are. Chilling and indistinct, they look as we can suppose terrene objects would appear in the rigorous atmosphere and dim light of the planet Uranus. The colour and force of nature they have not yet attained, and not until they get these—a period, judging by the slow progress hitherto made, indefinitely distant,—will the painter have just occasion to dread their rivalry, or the art be of real and enduring value to the world.

The permanency of photographic pictures is very uncertain. We have seen some, by the best reputed masters in this country, that, hanging under every advantage in warm and dry apartments, have shewn, after the lapse of a few weeks, first a bloom not unlike that seen on oil-pictures where the varnish is *chilled*, and then have faded gradually away, until all likeness to human or other form is obliterated, and the frame surrounds a leaden, unmeaning blank. Indeed, it may fairly be questioned, whether, like Saturnus of old, who, according to the *mythos* of the ancients, devoured his children, the same subtle agent that creates, does not also destroy these pictures, and whether the durability of the most perfect extends to equal length with that of paintings in oil and water colours.

Let us not, however, be misunderstood. We would not willingly undervalue the art, or detract an iota from the just merits of the inventor. Starting by novelty, and captivating by the promise of desirable results, it was an interesting, never a great invention. As a means of transcript of "still life," especially of architectural subjects, it is beyond question useful: instead of being detrimental, as at first he apprehended it would be, it has also proved of service to the engraver; it furnishes also a pleasing and philosophical entertainment to those who have leisure and inclination to practise it.

The work now before us contains a clearly and popularly written description of the improved processes by which the most perfect specimens hitherto attainable by this art may be produced. Though, as the reader will perceive, we differ widely from its author in our estimate of the importance and results of the invention, we cheerfully subjoin an extract which propounds a few of his opinions on the subject, and at the same time exhibits very fairly his style and manner:

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PROCESS.

"When Mr. Daguerre's admirable discovery was made known to the public, the higher classes of society in all countries hailed it with delight; but artists were divided in opinion concerning it. Some saw nothing in the first attempts that were made in the application of the art but a cold and stiff copy of nature; and, as far as art was concerned, entirely devoid of interest. Others admired, in the first place, the perfection in the representation of the more prominent objects in the picture, joined to an almost miraculous precision in the details; then, that admirable gradation of shade, which makes each photographic image a masterpiece, we will not say of art, but of nature. But one important idea then took possession of the minds of those who directed their attention to the art.—Would it ever be possible to obtain portraits by the daguerreotype? The answer to that question was evidently dependent on the solution of this other one: Would it ever be possible to operate quickly enough to obtain, in the shade, during a very short interval, the physiognomy of the person whose likeness was to be taken? We candidly admit that the portraits which were made then, and for a very long time after, gave but little hopes of success even to the most impassioned admirers of the art. The method then followed required that a person should sit for twenty-five minutes, exposed in a glaring sunshine, with his eyes wide open. Some few adepts had the fortitude to endure this; but it will be easily understood that it was all to no purpose. Instead of portraits, the image produced had a corpse-like appearance.

"Three years ago, we constructed a daguerreotype adapted for portraits. By having new curves, and by a considerable shortening of the focus, this apparatus operated in the shade in two minutes. This was, it will be admitted, an immense progress; but from thence to an instantaneous reproduction of the image there was an incalculable distance. Soon after, the application of the chloride of iodine, by Mr. Claudet, gave a new impulse to photography. In accordance with the inventor's wish, we hastened to

make his process public, through the medium of the Academy of Sciences; from that time the hope of reproducing the human countenance could be reasonably entertained. By this process some very fine impressions were then produced, and some magnificent portraits were taken, which were perfect likenesses, and in which only one thing was wanting—expression! Notwithstanding, numerous establishments for taking likenesses were formed; in all large towns the daguerreotype was used for producing portraits; and what will doubtless surprise many persons, the only two establishments of this kind in London, several times realised as much as 60*l.* in one day.

“However, the future prospects of the daguerreotype, as applied to the portrait, had like to have been brought to an end by the cadaverous-looking specimens which were everywhere exhibited. The very idea of a portrait by the daguerreotype excited a repulsive feeling. And even now, we every day find persons who are quite astonished when they see our specimens, so great is the contrast between them. The reason is obvious; for a fine impression, produced rapidly with a good object-glass, unites, together with the truest expression, the most exact likeness, and the most exquisite finish of the details which are produced, without detriment to the effect of the masses, or to the correctness of the lines; that is to say, all the perfections of which the art is susceptible.

“The rapidity with which it is now possible to operate allows of taking the portraits in any place, and at any time of the day; however, it is advisable for the operator to choose the most favourable conditions in both respects.

“In order to obtain impressions with the rapidity we have spoken of in the foregoing chapters, it is desirable to choose for the situation in which to operate, an open terrace; but at the same time to avoid being exposed to the direct rays of the sun, against which a screen, or a piece of gauze, may be raised. In any case, the object to be reproduced should always receive a little more light on one side than on the other, and should be placed underneath a kind of canopy, either in cloth, canvas, or a more solid material, so that too much light may not fall upon the top of the head and the forehead. With the precautions above mentioned, the model receiving from all sides a diffused light will be exempt from the harshness inseparable from portraits taken in the sun.

“To produce a portrait in a room, the operator should place himself within a few feet of a high window, the apparatus being placed close against it; in places where the walls are dark, one or more sheets of white linen or cotton cloths are hung up so as to reflect the light upon the model. The portraits thus obtained may receive the light either in front, or from the side, according to the taste of the artist; they have in general a more defined outline than those taken in the open air.

“It is impossible to determine positively the precise duration of the exposition in the camera; those who wish to form a correct idea on the subject may consult the 7th chapter. It will be understood that the operator will be guided by what has been previously said; but he must observe, that in the interior of a building, the light being admitted by a single window, at a greater or lesser distance, this opening is very small compared with extent of a semi-horizon, and at an angle of at least eighty degrees, which is the extent of open sky in the portraits made on a terrace, or in a garden.*

“The portraits obtained in the sunshine have strong contrasts of light and shade, and a great degree of vigour in the outline; it is possible, with that strong light, to obtain delightful groups, full of life and animation. They will be, as will be easily conceived, invaluable to the artist in more than one respect; but in general, they will seldom be agreeable as portraits, for very few persons can endure so strong a light without distortion of feature, neither do we mention them but as exceptions.

“It is particularly recommended to amateurs, and still more particularly to those who devote themselves to the daguerreotype as a profession, whatever be the light employed, to make it fall upon the model in a proper manner, and not only to give it a pleasing and natural position, but to choose that which is the most favourable. The taste of the artist is, in this case, of the highest importance; for the two greatest difficulties in making good portraits consist, in our opinion (the apparatus and elements being of the first quality), in the good preparation of the plates, and in the proper position of the model.

* “To give an idea of the difference of time necessary for taking a portrait inside a room, and outside, in the full light of day, we may mention what took place at the Palace of the Tuileries, when Mr. Claudet and I were admitted to take portraits of the King, and a part of the royal family. The sky was at the time veiled with very luminous white clouds. At about the distance of six feet from the immensely large windows, which are towards the garden (that is to say, towards the south), it took us eighty-five seconds, with the one-fourth apparatus, with a double object-glass. All the circumstances remaining the same, but in the open air, on the terrace of Philibert Delorme, fifteen seconds were sufficient; and thus we were enabled to obtain by this exposition several good portraits in less than a quarter of an hour.”

“As a general rule, if you take a bust, the apparatus should be placed at about the height of the eyes; the effect of which will be, that the upper part of the head, the seat of intelligence, will acquire a slight development. Some persons' likenesses require to be taken full-face, the greatest number only three-quarter-face; whilst others, which look extremely well, and produce a very fine profile, would have no charm in the other two positions.

“To avoid the unpleasant effect produced when the eyes are represented as immovably fixed, which occurs whenever the person whose portrait is to be taken rests his eyes upon a near point during the operation, it is advisable that the sitter should look *vaguely* at a distant object; if, during the time that the sitting lasts, the mind were actively occupied with a serious or pleasing thought, according to the expression that may be desired, but without being at all pre-occupied with the object towards which the eyes will be turned, the portrait will be full of animation and intelligence.”

THE PRIZE CARTOONS.

THE Prize Cartoons have been removed to the Suffolk-street Gallery, where they will remain for some time for public exhibition. This arrangement will afford an opportunity to our country readers, who may not have visited London during the summer, but whom the renewal of the business season will call hither in crowds, to enjoy this display of works of the highest class, which our artists have been hitherto pronounced incapable of producing. For those who may be unable to view the cartoons themselves, and for such as may desire to preserve a memento of the severest trial to which British artists have been subjected, and the greatest triumph they have achieved, Messrs. Longman have undertaken the costly enterprise of publishing very large engravings of them, at a price which will place them within the reach of the middle classes. Subscribers' names for this work are received in the Exhibition Room, and we are glad to see the very influential and numerous list already assembled. We would recommend all of our country readers who visit town, whether for business or pleasure, not to return without an inspection of the Prize Cartoons, which cannot fail to surprise as much as they will delight them.

We cannot quit this subject without protesting against the attempt made by the ART-UNION, in its last number, to depreciate these productions of British art in the estimation of Europe by an article whose pitiful purpose is too plainly to level a blow preliminary to the series of engravings thus announced by Messrs. Longman. What private influences of printsellers dictated this extravagant effusion of petty spleen and jealousy we cannot pretend to know, but the fact is on record that, in a former number, the ART-UNION made mention thus of these Cartoons:—“It is the worst exhibition that ever took place within the walls of any building in England. * * * In a word, the issue has been entirely satisfactory, giving much at which to rejoice, and either literally nothing, or next to nothing, calculated to cause regret.” But Messrs. Longman announced their engravings of the Cartoons thus eloquently eulogised, and then, in its October number, the ART-UNION, totally oblivious of its former judgment, thus speaks of the identical pictures and painters it had so be-praised two months before:

“At all events, we hope our SCHOOL may not receive final judgment from these copies—eleven or twenty-one, as the case may be; we venture to prophesy, that they will confer small credit and no advantage upon the parties concerned in their production. At least, let us inform our continental neighbours—our foreign rivals—that they have no right to draw conclusions as to the capabilities of our British school from these examples of a few young men—mere tyros, by comparison. We are bound to tell them, that three out of four of these successful competitors were utterly unknown before the premiums were awarded—that the contest for prizes was carried on chiefly by students—that not a single artist of established fame entered the arena. If, therefore, the schools abroad will place our productions—the copies of THE ELEVEN, and the copies of THE TEN—beside those only of their own pupils, or third or fourth-rate painters, we shall willingly abide the issue; but if they, unfairly and of malice aforethought, compare our English cartoons with the productions of their great masters—the leading spirits of Germany and France, they shall, at all events, be told of THEIR WRONG-DOING.”

If there be any, and what, connection between these contradictory opinions of the same periodical and the hostility of certain printsellers to Messrs.

Longman, we will not take upon ourselves to decide. But it is strange and suspicious that the ART-UNION should have ventured upon contradictions which cannot but be seriously injurious to its reputation as an authority upon Art, just at the moment when a great and influential publishing house in the Row was venturing to invade the province of the printsellers.

This, however, is a question for the rivals rather than for the public. Our business is to take care that, so far as the influence of THE CRITIC can extend, the artists shall not be damaged in the strife of publishers. It certainly is rather hard upon the former that their reputation should be assailed to gratify the pique of a printseller, working through the medium of a journal professing independence, and calling itself critical. The paragraph quoted above contains, not only so much that is ill-natured, but so much that is false, that, being in possession of some facts bearing upon it, we feel it to be our duty to state them as a reply to the critic of the ART-UNION who has made so clumsy an experiment in the process of “turning his back upon himself.”

What, then, is the form in which this attack is made upon the Messrs. Longman through the artists whose productions they are about, by the help of the engraver, to submit to the inspection of the civilized world? The accusation is that they are “young men;” that three out of four of them were “utterly unknown” before; that “not a single artist of established fame entered the arena;” and that the competition was one “of students.”

Now, if all this were strictly true, so far from reflecting discredit upon the prizemen, it would but redound the more to their honour that, being young, unknown, and students, they should have achieved works of such excellence as the Cartoons were, by the ART-UNION itself in the first instance, asserted to be. But what are the facts?

MR. ARMITAGE was a pupil of Delaroche, and one of the two or three out of the numbers that throng the atelier of that great artist selected to assist in the painting of the magnificent *hemicycle* in the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*.

MR. COPE's works and name are familiar to every person who has visited any of the public exhibitions of art in this country. His “*Italian Posada*,” his *Madonna*, in the possession of Mr. Beckford, his *Altar-piece* at Leeds, and his *Board of Guardians*, prove that he is neither “a tyro,” “unknown,” nor a mere “student.”

MR. HORSLEY exhibited upwards of six years ago, and ever since has been a growing favourite with the public. His works have been deemed worthy of a place in the collections of such fine judges of art as Mr. Vernon and Mr. Sheepshanks. The painter of the *Broken Heart* certainly does not come within the depreciatory description of the ART-UNION.

MR. BELL must have smiled if his eye lighted upon the accusation of “youth,” with the recollection that he has already numbered some forty summers; and certain it is, that his mind, as he has proved by his picture, has no lack of the vigour of maturity. Many years ago this “youth” exhibited, if we remember rightly, some frescoes which are now the ornaments of a noble mansion in the north, whilst their “unknown” producer fills the responsible post of director of the School of Design at Manchester.

MR. TOWNSEND has exhibited at the academy for five years at least. His *Sterne and Maria*, in the possession, we believe, of the Duke of Montrose, and his *Virginia Shipwrecked*, shew that he, at least, is not “a tyro.” His *Altar-piece*, at Liverpool, is certainly not the work of “a mere student;” and we have seen in the pages of the ART-UNION more than one critical notice of his productions, in which the most laudatory judgments have been passed upon his genius.

MR. PARRIS surely is neither unknown nor juvenile. His name was sufficiently familiar to the public to exempt him from the summary sentence we have cited.

MR. SELOUS is the artist whose illustrations of the *Pilgrim's Progress* were selected by the Art-Union Society, from among a host of competitors, to be presented to the subscribers for the present year, and he is, we believe, the painter of the *Panoramas* which, in Leicester-square, have given delight to thousands.

MR. SEVERN, though last on the list, is, perhaps, of all, the artist whose reputation has been longest tried. He has been known to the world for some fifteen years at least. His fame is not confined to

his own country. It is certain that he is a practised fresco painter, and Rome herself has deemed one of his pictures worthy of being enshrined within her walls. His *Rienzi*, his *Ariel*, his *Ancient Mariner*, and a dozen others we could name, give emphatic denial to the assertion of the ART-UNION.

Where, then, are the "three out of four successful competitors who were utterly unknown before the premiums were awarded?" Has not "a single artist of established fame entered the arena?" Let the facts we have stated reply.

We cannot conclude without expressing some indignation, and more sorrow, that paltry trade jealousies should be suffered to influence the judgments of periodicals professing devotion to the interests of Art. It is melancholy to see so little principle ruling the opinions of a critic, that one month he should applaud and another condemn, not only the same artists, but the very same pictures, merely because a publisher, rivalling some patron or friend, has announced a series of engravings from the works thus capriciously treated, and of which, if the idea and the speculation had been that of his friend instead of his friend's rival, the praise would probably have been as extravagant as the censure is now unjust.

And so far from regretting that Europe should have an opportunity of testing the powers of British art by these promised engravings of them, thanks are due to Messrs. Longman for the spirit with which they have undertaken a hazardous speculation, from which more advantages must result to British art than we have space to enumerate. We can understand why their enterprise should rouse the jealousy of the regular printsellers, but we cannot excuse the ART-UNION for lending itself to such a quarrel, still less for its injustice in sacrificing the unoffending artists, for the sake of punishing the intruding publishers.

CHIT-CHAT.

MR. BOYS' FINE-ART DISTRIBUTION.—The drawing of the prizes in this "distribution" took place on the 4th ult. at Exeter Hall. It would appear that the distribution had been adopted, in the language of Mr. Boys, on the "score of self-defence" against the art-unions. Speaking of these societies in his prospectus, he observes, "There is one feature in them, however, which must here be noticed, as a strong reason why the present project should be undertaken. It is their custom to give to each subscriber a print impression of one engraving. Now, the number of their subscribers varying from 2,000 to 15,000, and the societies being numerous, an almost incredible number of engravings are thus placed in the hands of private persons, many of whom might be purchasers, to the forestalling of the printseller." The drawing of the prizes took place under the management of a committee of the subscribers, and appeared to give very general satisfaction. The distribution, which has taken place six months sooner than was originally intended, extended over, it is believed, but a moiety of the tickets, viz., 12,000, to which it was confined; but, to ensure a perfectly equitable distribution, the whole of the prizes were drawn for precisely the same as if the whole of the tickets had been disposed of. The unsold tickets and the prizes that fell to them are to form a second distribution for the year 1844. In addition to the announced prizes, Mr. Boys added 100 others, of the value of £350. The chair, in the absence of Mr. Benjamin Bond Cabbell, was taken by Mr. Deputy Watkins, and afterwards by Mr. Buckingham. The large hall was very well attended.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Summary.

THE Drama is almost extinct among us. Driven from every other stage in the metropolis, it maintains a dying flicker at Covent Garden, and even there its death has been once formally announced, but it has contrived to flash forth again for a while with little or no hope of recovery. Opera and Ballet have expelled Tragedy and Comedy, the mania of the day being for music, although everybody in private confesses weariness of its reiteration, and a desire again to taste the intellectual enjoyment of a good play; but omnipotent Fashion forbids, and so the foolish folk quit that which they love and weary themselves with that which they neither enjoy nor comprehend, because it is just now the fashion to pretend a passion

for music. Hence it is that the playbills, instead of inviting us to hear the masterpieces of mind which our British drama boasts, offer no other temptation than frivolous operas, set to English words. Even the patent theatres, licensed specially for the legitimate drama, are compelled to abandon their peculiar province, and devote themselves to musical entertainments. At Drury Lane the company is wholly operatic. The Princess's Theatre has its Opera and Ballet every night. Even at the Adelphi melodrama has been banished from the domain over which it had so long held undisputed sway, and the ballet reigns in its stead.

To us who, in spite of fashion, confess a love for the legitimate drama, and an aversion, we cannot quite overcome, to importations of music from a foreign soil in substitution for the more solid productions of our own land, the state and prospects of the drama are a melancholy theme. Gladly shall we hail any symptom of revival, and we shall not be slow to employ such small influence as THE CRITIC may enjoy to create a more wholesome appetite, and to encourage a secession from the ranks that are marching in the train of fashion against their inward convictions and feelings. It may be as well to observe that we have resolved not to give to any theatre the benefit of a notice save when the usual courtesy of an order is extended. It is expecting rather too much of us that we should give to a public amusement reviews that are equivalent to advertisements, and pay for procuring the information necessary to enable us to write them.

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

THIS gem of a theatre has just commenced another season, to be, we trust, as successful as was the last, and certainly with still more spirited efforts on the part of the manager to deserve the patronage of the public. Perhaps it is necessary to inform our country readers that the Princess's Theatre is situated in Oxford-street. It was built some five or six years ago, at an enormous cost, being in its form and decorations by far the most beautiful theatre in the metropolis. In consequence of some gross mismanagement of the first lessee, it proved a complete failure; and, closing after a short season, it remained untenanted for several years. At length it was brought to the hammer, sold at little more than half its original cost, and, soon afterwards, was fortunate enough to find a manager who, combining excellent judgment with good taste, and observing prudence in expenditure without parsimony, reopened it expressly for the performance of opera. Failure was universally prophesied; but the attempt proved completely successful. The Princess's Theatre speedily became an established public favourite; and even the fashionable world extended to it an unwavering patronage. This unlooked-for prosperity was due to a concurrence of advantages, of which one only, the internal elegance and gentlemanly aspect of the building, was accidental. The manager is indebted to himself alone for all the other elements of his triumph. No small portion of it is the reward of that foresight with which he anticipated the growing mania for music and the bold resolution to minister to it by producing, on a small stage, and without the aid of "stars," the operas and ballets that had become popular in Europe. This attempt to perform the best music without the best voices, which was expected to be a certain source of failure, proved the cause of triumphant success. The manager collected a company of vocalists of great, though not of first-rate, ability; thus the evil was avoided of one eclipsing all the rest, and making them by contrast appear of less than their actual worth; thus the expenses of the theatre were kept within such a moderate compass as suited its size and prices. The consequence of these rational arrangements is, that the Princess's Theatre is frequented by the lovers of music of all classes. The highest find in it a pleasing resource during the intervals of the more aspiring Opera; to the other classes it offers the advantage of the best music very respectably executed, at prices suited to their more economical requirements. All obtain there an intellectual enjoyment, which, if not of the very first class, is pleasing and satisfactory. The characteristic of the company is a singular evenness of execution,

no bad voices being thrust in to fill up a chorus, in the hope that they may escape undetected amid the noise; nor is there any one note audible above the rest, by its brilliancy stifling those with whom it ought to mingle. We do, therefore, recommend our readers, when they visit town, not to omit the Princess's Theatre from their list of "sights." Few will give them so great and such rational pleasure; they will thoroughly enjoy the luxurious splendour of the house, the excellence of the orchestra, the elegance of the scenery and decorations, the abilities of the small but select company, the respectability of the audience, and the politeness of the attendants. Here they will taste in perfection the pleasures of a theatre, with nothing offensive to the eye or ear, either on the stage or in the house, to shock morality, or to call a blush to the most delicate cheek.

The latest novelty introduced upon this stage is Donizetti's comic opera *Don Pasquale*, first brought before an English audience at the close of the last season, and entirely successful. The plot is thus described by a contemporary:—

"*Don Pasquale*, a rich old bachelor, has a nephew, *Ernesto*, whom he wishes to marry to a young lady that he had chosen for him. In accordance with the long established rule of dramatic contrariety, the nephew falls in love with another person. The object of *Ernesto's* love is *Norina*, the poor but virtuous widow of a citizen, but *Don Pasquale* will not hear of the match, and, on his nephew continuing to refuse the lady provided for him, disinherits him, turns him out of doors, and resolves himself to marry. The unfortunate young man is on the point of exiling himself from his native land when *Doctor Malatesta*, a friend to all parties, interferes, and after vainly endeavouring to make *Don Pasquale* alter his absurd determination—he introduces to him *Norina* (whom he had never seen) as his own sister just come out of a convent. Her beauty and simplicity captivate the old man, who offers her his hand, and by the contrivance of the *Doctor* a false marriage is celebrated between them. The imaginary knot is no sooner tied than *Norina* throws off her modest and reserved manners, and assumes those of a bold, overbearing, and extravagant beauty. The amorous old *Don* sees, with horror, that he is in a fair way of being ruined by his imperious bride, who spends his money, throws his house into confusion, boxes his ears, laughs at him to his face—and to crown his distress, discovers by a letter which *Norina* drops purposely in his way, that she is carrying on an intrigue with some young gallant, who makes an assignation with her for that very evening in the garden. The distracted *Don* sends for his friend the *Doctor* to make his miseries known to him, and to consult him on the best method of getting rid of her. The *Doctor* suggests, instead of exposing his shame, that the *Don* should try to get rid of his guilty wife as quietly as possible. He agrees to this, and the two concealing themselves in the garden, they surprise *Norina* and *Ernesto* in a *tele-à-tete*, as it had been agreed on by the plotting trio. The *Doctor*, empowered by *Don Pasquale*, offers *Ernesto* a pension of four thousand crowns a year if he will take *Norina* off his uncle's hands; he consents, and *Don Pasquale* is delighted with the bargain, which he ratifies joyfully, and then for the first time learns that *Norina* is the woman to whom his nephew was engaged, and that his own marriage with her had been performed by a false notary. All parties being forgiven, general happiness is restored by the union of the young couple."

The part of *Norina* was maintained by Mad. E. Garcia with great spirit; her acting is excellent, and she possesses considerable powers in the expression of the language of music. The scene in which she assumes the vixen, and quarrels with *Pasquale*, was admirable. The *Don* was personated by Mr. Paul Bedford, who, on the first night, erred in making him too much of the buffoon, but this fault he has since corrected. Considering the difficulty of the part, and the direct comparison with Lablache, who sustained it at the Italian Opera, Mr. Bedford certainly deserves warm commendation. The solo *Uno foco insolito* was given with great effect, and so was the comic duet with *Doctor Malatesta*, which character was filled by Sig. Burdini in a very creditable manner. Mr. Allen sung the charming serenade in the garden with much sweetness. He wants power, but his taste is excellent, and his expression almost perfect. He is now a great favourite, but he will attain yet higher fame than he enjoys, for he has the right stuff in him.

The scenery is good, and the applause from all parts of the house was most cordial.

Another, and to us still greater attraction, is *The Old Guard*, a translation, or nearly so, from the French, in which Morris Barnett personates an aged soldier of Napoleon's Guard, with masterly skill; indeed, a finer bit of acting has rarely, or

never, been exhibited on the British stage. It is a perfect study, and truly a production of *genius*. Madame Eugénie Proppé's *Melanie* is exquisitely natural and touching. At the close, they are summoned before the curtain, to receive the well-earned plaudits of the delighted audience. The ballet of *Giselle* has been got up with great splendour, and the dancing is first-rate. Again we say, let nobody come to London without visiting the Princess's Theatre.

THE ADELPHI.

This old public favourite continues to be cheered by crowded benches, because its manager has the prudence to confine himself to one or two departments of the drama, and to present these in the best style. People who want to be excited by melodramatic horrors, or to be set a laughing by broad farce, are sure to be gratified by a visit to the Adelphi; and, moreover, it brings forward a succession of novelties which prevent a continual attendance there from becoming wearisome. The company is nearly the same as we remember for years past; well selected, and every member accomplished in his or her peculiar department. The latest production on its stage is a farce entitled *Wanted a Wife; or, London, Liverpool, and Bristol*, in which Mr. Wright provokes much hearty laughter by his representation of one Mr. Timothy Topps, a young musician from Swaffham. Wieland, too, with his usual ability, kept the house alive by his performance of *Pepper*, a confectioner's mercurial shopman. *Undine*, with its original music, but translated into a sort of half-drama, half-opera, has proved a powerful attraction through the season, and it is certainly got up with as much good taste as such a transformation will permit, and as much scenic effect as the contracted stage of a minor theatre will allow. Lately, the *Wreck Ashore* has been revived, and very well received. Wright, as *Marmaduke Magog*, if he did not equal John Reeve (the original of the character), proved himself no mean substitute. Most of the other characters were sustained by the very same performers whose assistance some years ago made this one of the most singularly successful of modern melodramas. It appears to have lost none of its charms by keeping, and it draws still greater crowds with every repetition. But the fact is, that Mrs. Yates is in herself a host, and any character into which she throws her truly woman's soul is sure to recommend itself to the judgment as well as to the feelings of an audience; and this is the secret of the triumphant success of the revival of a play which has really very little to recommend it, viewed as a composition, but which never fails to please young and old, the intelligent equally with the uneducated. It is unnecessary to recommend the Adelphi—everybody visits it of course.

Dramatic Gossip.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—Mr. Bunn offered a handsome payment for the prolongation of *Carlotta Grisi's congé*, but it having been refused, we shall lose this charming danseuse in the course of a few evenings. She therefore plays the *Peri* each evening she appears.

Miss Birch and her mother departed for Antwerp on the 19th instant, and proceeded immediately towards Germany, Miss Birch being engaged to sing at a series of concerts at Leipsic, conducted by Mendelssohn. After paying a visit to Berlin and Vienna, the fair songstress will go to Milan, and several other parts of Italy, and remain there for some time.—*Dramatic and Musical Review.*

Miss Horton, late of Drury-lane Theatre, the *Fortunio* of last season, is said to be on the eve of marriage. The new forthcoming drama at the Haymarket is to be entitled *Victor and Hortense*. It is said to be the intention of the entrepreneur of the French plays, Mr. Mitchell, to open the St. James's Theatre, soon after the meeting of Parliament, with the same performances, although the last season was far from profitable, owing to the large sums paid to the Parisian "stars," Dejazet, Plessy, Albert, and Bouffet, and notwithstanding the liberal patronage of the fashionable world. Donizetti's opera of *Don Sebastian*, which is in a forward state of rehearsal at the Académie Royale, is expected to be brought out in the course of the ensuing week. Fornasari made his *début* in *Belisario* at the Theatre Italien, on Tuesday evening.

HOPE IN THE DISTANCE.—On Monday evening, Miss Ross, a young lady, a pupil, we believe, of Mr. Serle, made her first appearance here, and her fourth on the stage, in the character of *Juliet*. We do not

like to commit our opinion of general merit on the evidence of one character; but judging by that, we are inclined to augur very favourably of this young lady's histrionic prospects. She possesses strong personal recommendations—a fine figure, expressive features, and not only evinces passion and feeling, but a commanding power of communicating them. Her scene with the *Nurse* on the news of *Tybault's* death and *Romeo's* banishment afforded fine examples of this quality.—*Bury Herald.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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WIT AND WISDOM OF THE MONTH.

MATHEMATICAL DEMONSTRATION.—The late eccentric mathematician, Professor Vince, of King's College, Cambridge, being once engaged in a conversation with a gentleman who advocated duelling, is said to have thrown his adversary completely *hors de combat* by the following acute and characteristic reply to his question:—"But what could you do, sir, if a man told you to your very face 'You lie?'" "What cud I do? Why, I wouldn't knock him down, but I'd tell him to pruv it. 'Pruv, sir, pruv it,' I'd say. If he cudn't he'd be the liar, and there I should have him; but if he did pruv that I'd lied, I must e'en pocket the affront, and there I expect the matter will end."

We cut from a country newspaper (the *Somerset Gazette*) the following extremely creditable Poem, contributed to its columns by a lady, under the signature of FENELLA, who dates it from Bridgewater. Obvious faults it has, but still more striking merits. The writer undoubtedly possesses *genius*, and only cultivation is wanted to the attainment of excellence. Should this meet her eye, we should be glad to number her among the contributors to THE CRITIC.

DREAMS.

Our being is half dreams; the other half
Realities; and time doth rock them both.
The heart is very loth
To dwell with fact for ever, though the laugh
Be its own echo. Thought will gather pearls
From distant shores. Our dreams are often false,
That point their fingers unto crystal worlds,
Which, like the little irised water globes
Glad children send upon the winds to waft,
Burst in their beauty, and their painted robes
Are gathered up unto the lofty domes
Of the sun's capitol. High leaps the pulse
When fancy is the inmate of our homes!
Dreams are false prophets oftentimes to us,
But having them, each dreamy man becomes
An Atlas, with the giant strength to carry
The earth upon his shoulders. It is thus
That speculation makes us intermarry
With mimic truth, and tempteth us to see
The mirror of our wishes. What were we
If dreamless? Or, how could we ever meet
The spirit of misfortune when he strides
Our threshold, and sits chattering at our feet?
We bribe the passing hour with dreams, that rides
Like a destroying angel by.
Some men live dreamers, some in dreaming die;
And he who dreams the most hath most of hope;
And hope is joy. Not when the lid is down,
That shuts the window 'neath whose raven slope
We borrow light, is dreaming only found;
For he who stands on dizzy mountains piled,
Like the king-bird may stand e'en there dream-bound
While staring on the sun.

What of the child?

He fashions for himself, in dreams, a zone
In which his baby intellect runs round,
As in a world peculiarly his own.
He cannot kiss his master's rod, that brings
The gushings from his eyes—the burning tears;
And then he thinks beyond his childish things,
How glorious 'tis to be a man in years.
What of the youth? He too builds brilliant castles
Upon the floorless winds, and peoples each
With fantasies. His dreams are the mute vassals
That wait his summons, and his heart is rich
In the bejewelled future, which is air.
And when the frost of life makes his brow cold,
His castles vanish too, as did the rare
Enamelled ones, when the old lamp was sold
That coined Aladdin's pomp.

What of the man?

He sends his warm and busy fancies out
To flutter where the roses are. A scout
Is missioned by his brain before the van
Of his realities, that doth report
Of lands that ever run with honey streams.
Reason's magnificent and kingly court
Is thronged with witnesses supped with dreams,
Where each and all make holiday. 'Tis well
That living what man truly is, he seems
What he is *not*, since human lips can tell
How Sorrow's hand takes Time by his grey mane
And leads him to the brooks of tears and pain.

The following curious poem, addressed to Queen Elizabeth on her visit to Cambridge, has been disinterred, among other reminiscences produced by the recent visit of her Majesty to the same classic spot:—

A Prince extract from haughtie house,
A Prince of pompous port,
Approache the here, whose ancestors
Triumph in glorious sort.
Come, noble lustie poet, come,
Strike up in Regal rate;
To penner! to penner! pursue the chase,
Ye have a game of state.
If wit maye winne a woortheie name,
Yf vertue purchase prayse,
If heavenly hughes deserve an hire,
Her brute then let us blayse.
Eche relme doith boast him of his Prince,
Eche writter dothe avauce
Hic Sovereigne; then happy we,
Thrice happie is our chauce,
To whom the mightie puissant God
Hath lent a Queene of price;
Whose fame we rightlie maye procure,
And to the clouds to ryse.
What pleasant, smylinge, twinklinge starre,
What God of will so great,
Coude find for such excellente gifte
In place so small a state?
Well, Nature, well now may'st thou daunce,
And pastime for a time;
For never shalt thou creature worcke
So quite deroyde of cryme.
O! maye not we full rightlie terme
That sacret ryall brest
A paradise where chaste advise
And godlines dothe rest?
Ye Kinges that rule by seas and landes,
And you Infernall Ghosts,
Bear wytnes nowe we have a Queene
On whom Dame Nature bostes.
And, Cambridge, now thou doist enclose
(Highe thanks to Him above!)
A woman whom the worlde adoreth,
And God himselfe dothe love.

The following poems are taken from a recently published volume of *songs* that have appeared in an Irish newspaper called the *Nation*, the organ of "Young Ireland," as the party calls itself. They are certainly very creditable specimens of the poetical powers of the rising generation of the sister isle.

MY GRAVE.

Shall they bury me in the deep,
Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?
Shall they dig a grave for me,
Under the green-wood tree?
Or on the wild heath,
Where the wilder breath
Of the storm doth blow?
Oh, no! oh, no!

Shall they bury me in the Palace Tombs,
Or under the shade of Cathedral domes?
Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore;
Yet not there—nor in Greece, though I love it more.
In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find?
Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind?
Shall they fling my corpse in the battle mound,
Where countless thousands lie under the ground?
Just as they fall they are buried so—
Oh, no! oh, no!

No! on an Irish green hill-side,
On an opening lawn—but not too wide;
For I love the drip of the wetted trees—
On me blow no gales, but a gentle breeze,
To freshen the turf: put no tombstone there,
But green sods decked with daisies fair.
Nor sods too deep; but so that the dew,
The matted grass-roots may trickle through—
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
"He served his country and loved his kind."
Oh! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so.

THE YEARS OF BOYHOOD.

Ah! why should I recall them—the gay, the joyous years,
Ere hope was cross'd or pleasure dimm'd by sorrow and by tears?
Or why should memory love to trace youth's glad and sunlit way,
When those who made its charms sweet are gathered to decay?

The summer's sun shall come again to brighten hill and bower—
The teeming earth its fragrance bring beneath the balmy shower;
But all in vain will mem'ry strive, in vain we shed our tears—
They're gone away and can't return—the friends of boyhood's years!

Ah! why then wake my sorrow, and bid me now count o'er
The vanished friends so dearly prized—the days to come no more—
The happy days of infancy, when no guile our bosoms knew,
Nor reck'd we of the pleasures that with each hour flew?
'Tis all in vain to weep for them—the past a dream appears;
And where are they—the lov'd, the young, the friends of boyhood's years?

Go seek them in the cold church-yard—they long have stolen to rest;
But do not weep, for their young cheeks by woe were ne'er oppress'd:
Life's sun for them in splendour set—no cloud came o'er the ray
That lit them from this gloomy world upon their joyous way.

No tears about their graves be shed—but sweetest flow'rs be stung—
The fittest offering thou canst make to hearts that perish young—
To hearts this world has not torn with racking hopes and fears;
For bless'd are they who pass away in boyhood's happy years!

AEROSTATION.—At the Palace Court, on Friday last, an action was brought by Mr. Monck Mason to recover the sum of 15*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.* from Mr. William Laxton, the proprietor of a monthly publication called "*The Civil Engineer and Architect's Guide*," for three articles which he had written for that journal respecting the aerial transit machine. A sum of 13 guineas had been paid into court, which it was alleged was a sufficient remuneration for the services rendered. It appeared that Mr. Mason, who was described as a gentleman conversant with the science of aerostation, had written the articles in question in April, May, and June last, when the mania was in vogue on the aerial transit machine, and they were duly inserted in the publication mentioned, including an erratum, which was necessary, of a mathematical calculation which had been made in the hurry of composition. It was proved by Mr. Cochrane, a literary assistant to Mr. Colburn, the publisher, that ten guineas a sheet was the lowest sum paid to contributors by his employer, and that the late Mr. Hook had from 16 to 20 guineas a sheet for his articles. He believed Mr. Mason, who was one of the voyagers in the Nassau balloon, was entitled for the articles at the rate of 12 guineas, which was beyond the rate charged in the present action. A Mr. Marsh, a reader to Mr. Bentley, gave similar evidence, and on his cross-examination said, that notwithstanding the error alluded to, it would be worth the money, as "it would be the means of attracting public attention to the subject." In a letter, which was read, the defendant had stated that his collector should call and pay Mr. Mason, but the amount was not specified. For the defence it was urged that 13 guineas was amply sufficient for the articles, and it was alleged that they were

considered to have been supplied gratuitously, which was a rule with scientific journals unless agreed upon, and then the pay was at the rate of one guinea a page, which was the calculation made on paying the sum into court. A number of gentlemen connected with scientific publications corroborated this view, stating that some paid nothing for the articles furnished to them. The jury, after a short consultation, found for the plaintiff to the amount claimed.

The *Presse* thus describes the process of the galvanic light exhibited on Friday evening on the Place de la Concorde:—"The apparatus consists of a voltaic pile of 200 pairs, each composed as follows:—There is, first, an external vase of glass; second, in this vase is a cylinder of charcoal, open at both ends, and plunging in nitric acid; third, in the cylinder of charcoal there is a porous porcelain vase, containing acidulated water (with sulphuric acid); fourth, in the porcelain vase is a cylinder of amalgam of zinc plunging in acidulated water. Two copper conductors lead from the two poles of the pile, and are pointed with charcoal. These enter a glass globe from which the air has been exhausted, and the two currents meeting there produce the light.

There has been recently placed in the wall of All-hallows Church, at the corner of Bread-street, a neat tablet, to remind the passer-by of the birthplace of Milton. On it are inscribed the well-known lines, "Three poets in three distant ages born," &c., and underneath the following simple record:—"John Milton was born in Bread-street, on Friday, the ninth day of December, A.D. 1608, and was baptized in the parish church of All-hallows, Bread-street, on Tuesday, the twentieth day of December, A.D. 1608." This has, we believe, been put up at the expense of the rector, and will, we trust, lead to the erection of similar memorials in all the spots with which the names of great men are associated. Surely, if it has been found a source of pleasure and knowledge to the people to give a local habitation and a name to the shrubs and plants in the parks, such a plan as this would be productive of equal pleasure, and often excite inquiry into the lives and works of the men with whom our national glory and welfare are indissolubly linked.

RAILWAYS.—The *Journal des Chemins de Fers* says:—"An inventor announces that he has found a composition which will reduce to a mere trifle the price of rails for railroads. He replaces the iron by a combination of kaolin clay (that used for making pottery and china) with a certain metallic substance, which gives a body so hard as to wear out iron, without being injured by it in turn. Two hundred pounds of this substance will cost less than 12*s.*, and would furnish two and a half metres of rail. The kaolin clay is abundant in France, and the valley of the Somme contains immense quantities of it."

THE WORD "SPECULATIVE."—An epithet in use among official persons, for the condemnation of whatsoever proposition is too adverse to private interest not to be hated, and at the same time too manifestly true to be denied.—*Benthamsiana*.

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